Saturday Review

March 8, 1975

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by Roger M. Williams

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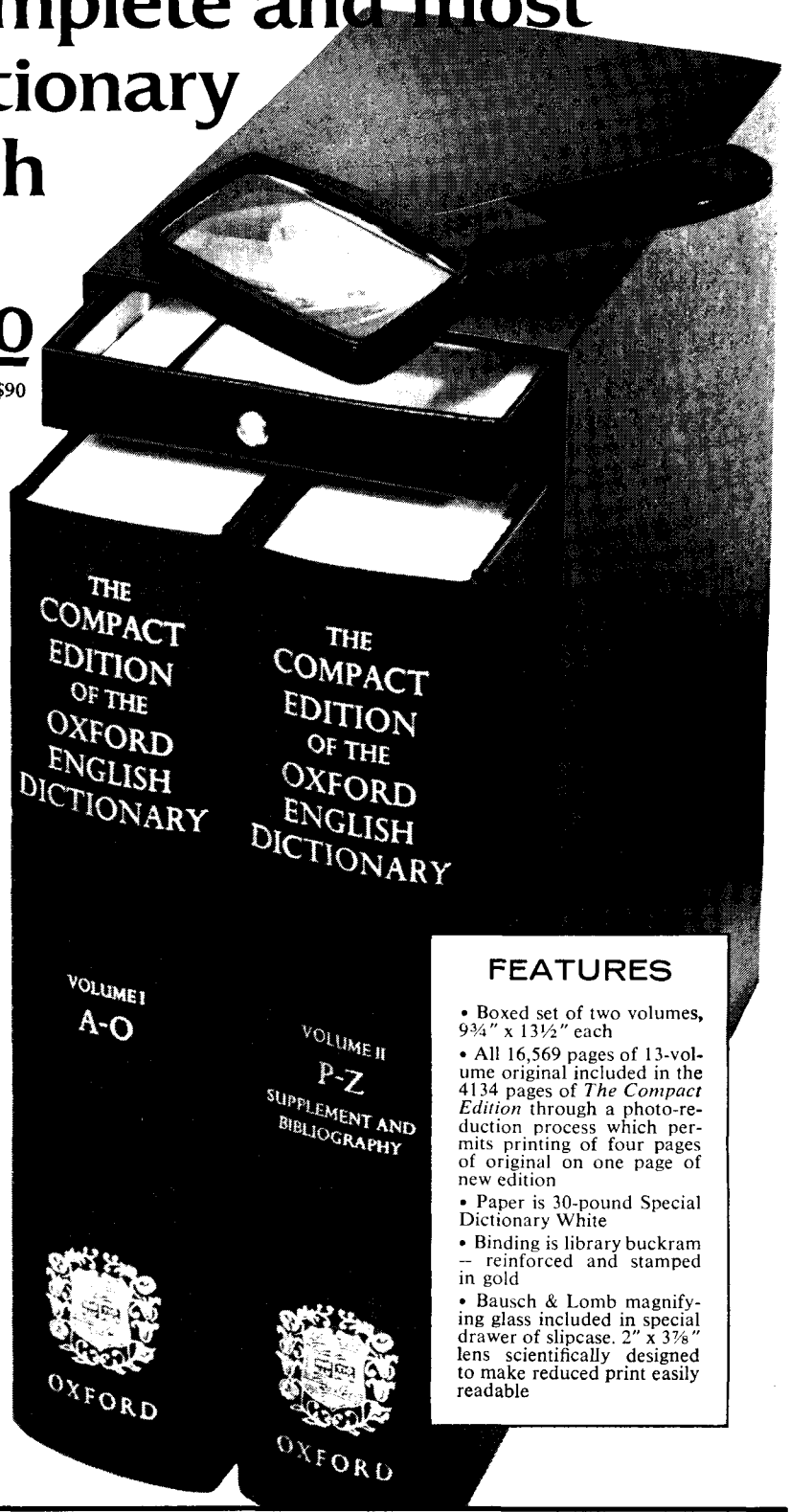
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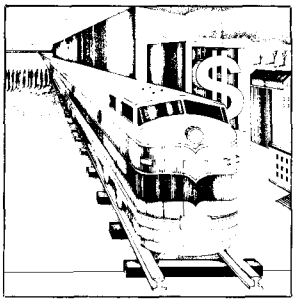

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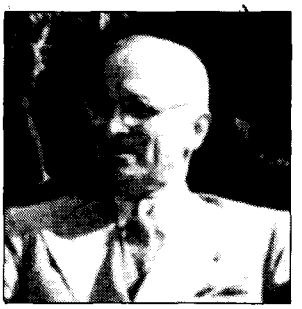

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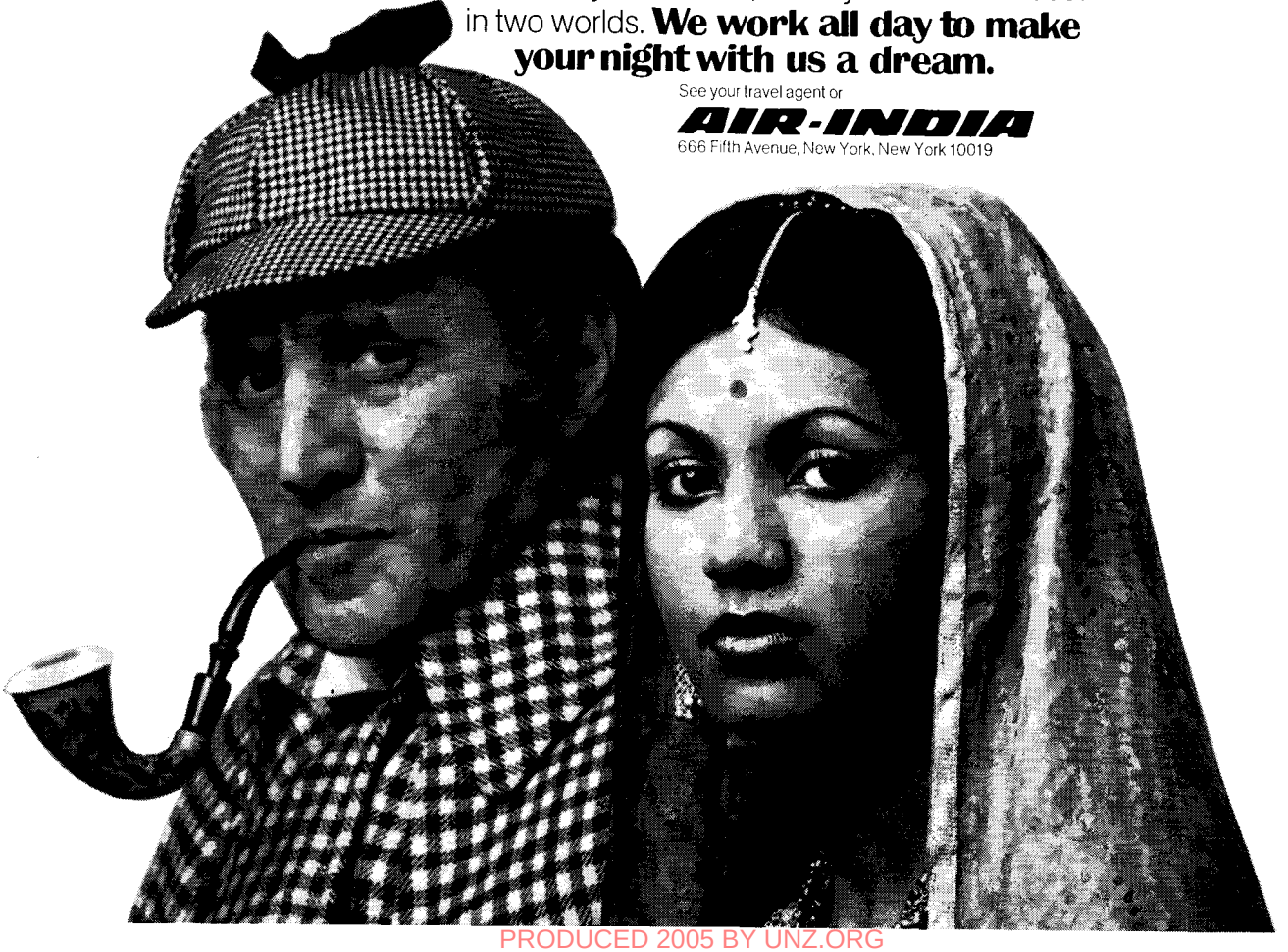

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Of Life and Lifeboats

New Delhi

A short distance outside New Delhi, I saw a long file of protest marchers walking slowly in the direction of the capital. Most of them were young adults. They were identified by their placards as teachers, students, farmers, shopkeepers, commercial workers.

One of the placards said: HUNGRY PEOPLE ARE HUMAN, TOO. Another sign: IS INDIA GOING TO BE THROWN ON THE RUBBISH HEAP?

I learned that the reason for the march was the increasing discussion in the Indian press over reports that Western nations, including the United States, are getting ready to turn their backs on India's starving millions. The reports suggest that Western policy-makers feel that no amount of aid can prevent mass famine.

A person whose name has been linked frequently to such a hard-line approach is Garrett Hardin, professor of biology at the University of California, Santa Barbara. According to the reports, Professor Hardin believes that the Western nations are justified in denying aid to famine-threatened countries. He uses the analogy of the lifeboat. If the survivors take more than a certain number on board, everyone will go down.

Professor Hardin's ideas and the shocked reaction of the young people on the New Delhi march serve to dramatize what is rapidly becoming the most important issue before contemporary civilization. The attitudes of the rich toward the poor and the poor toward the rich are setting the stage for what could become the costliest showdown in history. C. P. Snow sees a world divided between the 75 percent who are starving and the 25 percent who are sitting in their living rooms watching it happen on TV. Robert Heilbroner, in *An Inquiry Into the Human Prospect*, foresees a possibility of atomic blackmail by the hungry nations in possession of nuclear secrets. He predicts these countries will not hesitate to risk a holocaust if they don't receive a larger share of the world's vital resources.

Such a showdown is not a misty, distant possibility, but a fast-growing reality, of which the protest marchers near New Delhi were an early warning. It is not difficult to understand their feelings. Their grievance is not that they think they are entitled to outside help as a matter of natural right, but that they are now being told, in effect, that they are not worth helping. They are protesting lifeboat analogies and the notion that some people have the right to decide whether others should live or die.

The trouble with Professor Hardin's thesis is that it is unsound in its own terms. It defies the fact that the best way to bring down the birth rate is not to let people starve, but to give them a better life. It calls for education, nutrition, decent housing, productive work. Instead of eliminating or cutting back on aid, we ought to be stepping up shipments of fertilizers, chemicals, plows, tractors, harvesting machines, tools, engines, dynamos, and thousands of other items involved in upgrading living standards.

India itself is demonstrating what can be done with a concentrated program of technological innovation. It has cut its food deficit by a third in little more than one year. Several model agricultural communities that have had the benefit of adequate fertilizer and modern equipment have increased the food yield per acre by more than 200 percent. In light of these facts, nothing is more irresponsible or incompetent than to say help by the outside world should be withheld.

THE PRINCIPAL DANGER of the Hardin approach will be felt, not by India, but by the West itself. For Hardinism can become a wild infection in the moral consciousness. If it is possible to rationalize letting large numbers of Asians starve, it will be no time at all before we apply the same reasoning to people at home. Once we discover how easy it is to stare without flinching at famine in Calcutta or Dacca, it should be no trick to be unblinking at the disease-ridden tenements of Harlem or Detroit or the squalor of the shacks in Appalachia.

Desensitization, not hunger, is the greatest curse on earth. It begins by calibrating people's credentials to live and ends by cheapening all life. People were appalled by Lt. William Calley's moral callousness in spraying machine-gun bullets at Vietnamese. But the difference between Calley's contempt for human life and a policy of impassiveness toward starvation is a difference in degree and not in values.

Famine in India and Bangladesh is a test not just of our capacity to respond as human beings but of our ability to understand the cycles of civilization. We can't ignore outstretched hands without destroying that which is most significant in the American character—a sense of vital identification with human beings wherever they are. Regarding life as the highest value is more important to the future of America than anything we make or sell. We need not be bashful in facing up to that fact and in trying to put it to work. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

American Salesmanship

One could not avoid a sense of sharp contrast while reading your International Business Review (January 25) concerning the oil crisis. For many years now we have been lamenting our inability to sell our products to a world that had insufficient funds. We have tried to make Europe and South America buy our monstrous Detroit products. We set up elaborate deals for selling broiler chickens to Italy and Belgium. We grabbed at the chance to sell wheat at a "reasonable" price to Russia and gave outrageously easy terms to any country that would take a shipload of anything American.

Now we are faced not with just one country but with a whole region that has quite sufficient funds, and our only reaction seems to be one of fear. What a paradox! Where is the great American salesman? Certainly if we can brag about selling the proverbial refrigerator to the Eskimos, we can start planning to sell a furnace to the Bedouins. Perhaps if we were aggressively trying to sell the product, we wouldn't have to worry about the Arabs' buying the company.

Of course, the Arab states are not exactly free countries or economies, and the process of selling will not be simple. Yet American business jumps at the chance to sell to Russia. It looks at even Communist China with only slightly guarded optimism. Is Arabia then such an insurmountable challenge to American salesmanship?

Richard S. Blake
East Falmouth, Mass.

Religion as a Resource

As a regular reader of *Saturday Review*, I feel compelled to express my deep disappointment in your "Inventory of Hope" issue (December 14). . . . I found an incredible disregard of man's most valuable resource—his capacity as a spiritual being.

Not one commentary was offered by a theologian or a religious leader, nor was it even suggested that religion—which has shaped man's history from the very beginning—might provide some of the answers to our present dilemma. This is not to say that the articles presented were not of value. Surely we do need to stabilize world population, re-evaluate our economic programs, increase our efforts in conservation. But these things alone are meaningless unless we have a sense of life's ultimate meaning.

Many of the contributors to "An Inventory of Hope" speak of the need for "restructuring attitudes," for changing values. . . . It is difficult to generate much concern for the future if man does not seriously believe that the world is going somewhere. . . .

Marcia L. Mungenast
Caldwell, N.J.

A Lapse Belabored

In your "Inventory of Hope" issue, leaders in various fields, among them one chairman and two presidents of our largest automobile manufacturers, expressed their views on the future ("Toward a Restoration of Confidence," December 14). It is strange, however, that neither Mr. Woodcock nor any other labor leader has given his view of the future. . . .

Rudolph S. Hearns
Bridgeport, Conn.

Editor's Note: Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Chavez were invited to contribute but declined because of the pressure of their work.

The Promised Land

. . . If Senator Fulbright ("J. William Fulbright: Reflections on a Troubled World," January 11) finds it unreasonable to understand the intransigence of Jews concerning the status of Jerusalem, I find it incomprehensible that a man of his intelligence does not know the reasons. . . .

In nearly every prayer that Jews say there is the mention of Jerusalem and Israel. No matter where a Jew lives, his prayers revolve around the land.

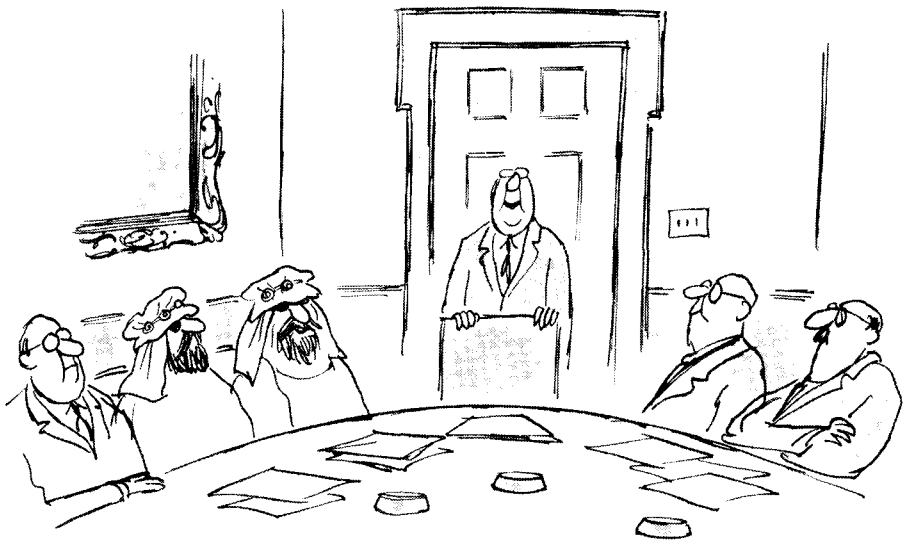
To suggest that the feelings of the people reflect stubbornness is not realistic. Judaism, more than any other religion, is tied directly to a "place" and a "land." Without Jerusalem and Israel—once a hope and now a reality—the essence of Judaism and the promised land would be meaningless.

Michael Halperin
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

New Ideas for the Old Guard

This is to express my protest against your omission of the *World Environment Newsletter* from the January 25 issue. I was even more disturbed by your publication of an article by Sidney Rolfe ("Whatever Happened to Project Independence," January 25), which openly advocates the scrapping of the Clean Air Act for the time being as a remedy to our energy crisis. If you cannot come up with more insightful proposals than those of the old guard, which still thinks in terms of obsolete economic concepts . . . then I was in the past giving you much more credit than you deserved. . . .

Rudolf Kroha
Environmental Newsletter
Philadelphia, Pa.



"First of all, I'd like to welcome two new members to the board."

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World Progress Report

Husbanding the Harvest

In the deepening crisis of the world's food shortage, the cruelest irony may be that much of the global harvest is used for feeding insects, rodents, and other pests instead of people, or that it simply rots away between the harvest and the dinner table. In many areas, especially the poorest, storage losses regularly exceed the food deficit.

One ingenious and inexpensive solution, practiced for at least 30 years in the hills of eastern Guatemala near the El Salvador border, has recently been described by science writer Steven A. Breth as "maybe the best system of small-farm grain storage in the tropics."

During a recent visit to Guatemala, Breth, editor for the Mexico-based International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center, found that the farmers around the town of Jutiapa used small silos manufactured by local blacksmiths from standard, flat sheets of galvanized iron. With a capacity of from 225 to 1,100 kilograms (about 500 to 2,420 pounds), the silos stand slightly taller than an average man and cost from $10 to $25 each, prices that put them well within the physical and financial reach of the local farmers.

The seams of the simple structures are soldered, rather than welded, and reinforced with one or two metal belts. The grain is introduced and withdrawn through small openings, one in the slightly conical top and the other near the flat base, which rests on a concrete slab or a raised wooden platform.

The orifices can be easily capped and sealed with tape for protection against the moisture and insects that attack grain in the area's year-round high humidity. The grain must be thoroughly dried in the sun before storage. Added protection against insects is provided by a powerful, inexpensive insecticide, carbon disulfide, applied in one-eighth-liter brandy bottles corked with corncobs. The heavier-than-air fumigant—which costs about 10 cents—filters through the grain, providing protection for up to a full year in a sealed 800-kilo silo.

Just one of the many pharmacies in Jutiapa reported that it had sold about 300 liters of carbon disulfide in the three months after last year's harvest, while one local blacksmith sold 100 silos and another sold more than 300.

According to Steve Breth, "The metal silos can store grain perfectly. In Jutiapa and nearby San Martín, an informal survey, conducted 10 months after the last harvest, uncovered no grain in metal silos that smelled of mold or had more than a few discolored grains per handful. Kernels with holes were rare, and no silos had dust at the bottom [telltale signs of insect infestation]. A grain dealer showed maize that had been placed in storage 22 months earlier with carbon disulfide. It looked as good as if it had just been harvested."

Helping Hands

British inventors have come to the aid of people who cannot manipulate even the simplest devices of modern civilization because they are paralyzed or who cannot communicate because they can neither hear nor speak.

For those who are paralyzed from the neck down, a machine called Possum (from the acronym for Patient Operated Selector Mechanism) can work a variety of switches and gadgets: television sets and radios, telephones, house lights, typewriters and calculators, and even machine tools.

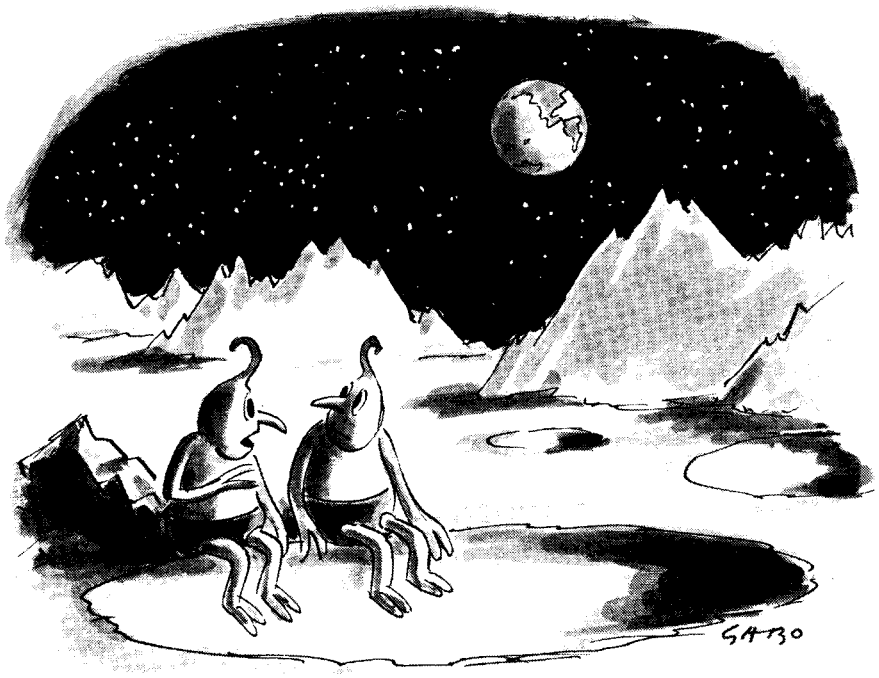
With its control box pre-set for its various functions, the Possum can be commanded through microswitches or a suck-blow mouthpiece by any disabled person who has as much as one-sixteenth of an inch of movement in any part of the body.

Reg Maling, the inventor, was inspired to develop the Possum in 1960, when a paralyzed friend was confined to a ward at Stoke Mandeville, Britain's most advanced center for spinal injuries. "The nurses had hung up a whistle for him so he could call them," Maling recalls. "I saw that his mouth was his only available method of control, and I began to wonder about the physiology of the mouth—how fast it can work, the pressure levels it can control, and so on."

By 1962 the Possum was operational, and Maling was producing and installing units for other severely disabled patients at Stoke Mandeville. Since 1966 the device has been distributed free in England by the Department of Health and Social Security.

A more recent development, for the deaf and dumb, is the "talking brooch," invented by Dr. A. Newall of Southampton University. The device consists of a typewriter-style keyboard wired to a small display panel. The typed message appears in illuminated letters, permitting two-way communication even in darkened theaters. The entire system, powered by a rechargeable, pocket-sized battery pack, is easily portable.

ANTHONY WOLFF



"I'm sorry they stopped coming. I had my heart set on a nice travel article about us by Horace Sutton."

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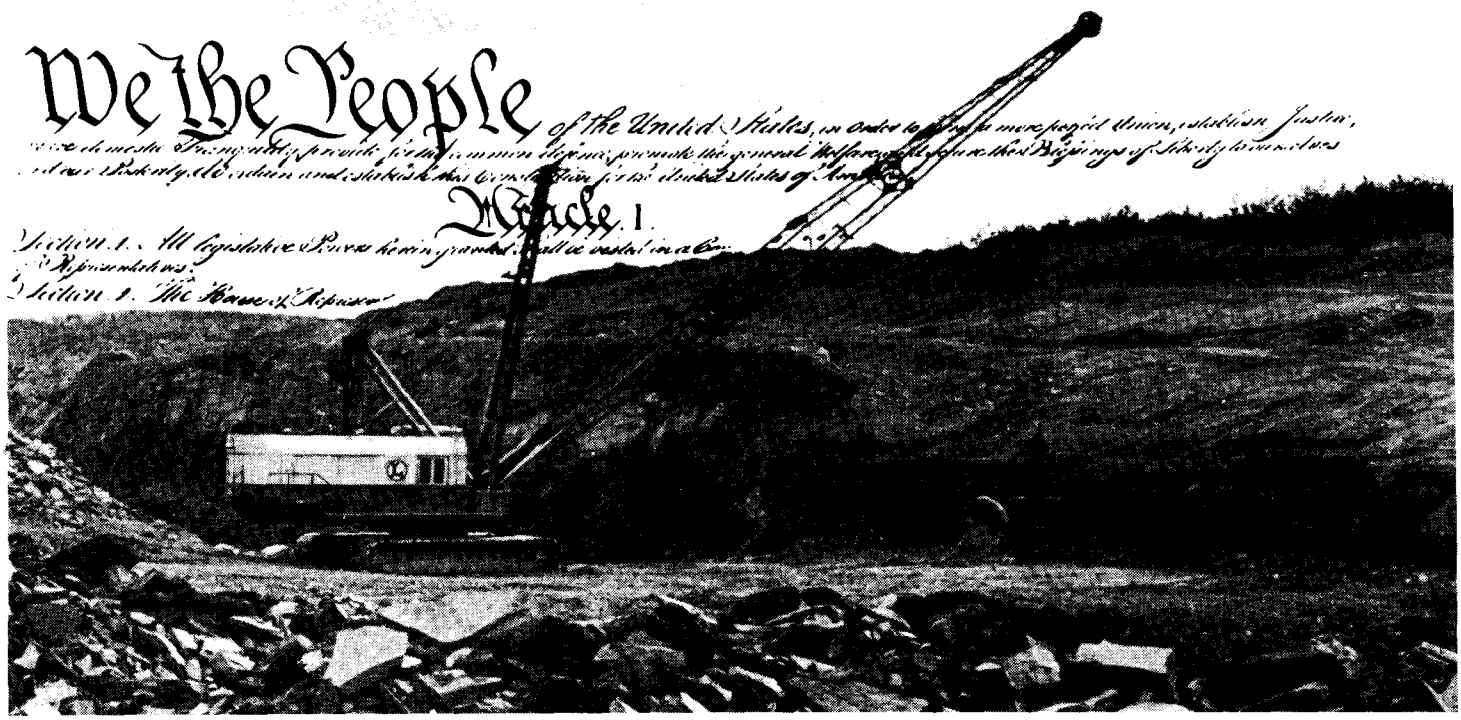

Yes, Virginia, there is a sanity clause.

One word describes poisoning of our food, the rape of our land, the extinction of our wildlife and the pillage of our future.

Madness.

How else could you characterize a government that cuts its own national forests. Ballyhoos nuclear power. Condemns organic agriculture. Impounds funds for clean water. And legislates against the basic needs of its people.

Madness has put DES and DDT back on your dinner table. Madness is ramming the Alaskan pipeline down your throat. It's making a mockery of the Environmental Protection Agency. And keeping the SST on the drawing board.

What's it take to stop the madness?

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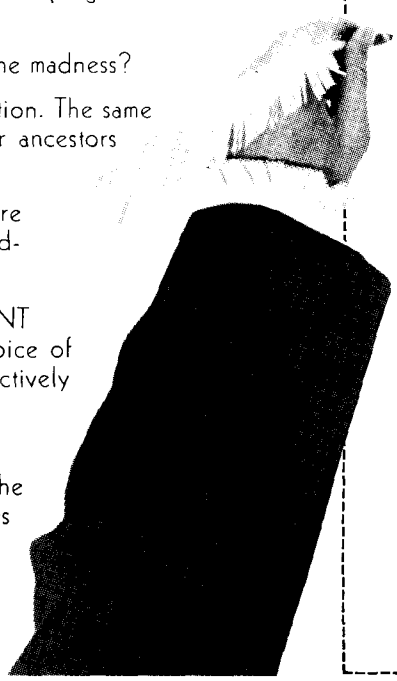

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L'Etalon
Six-color lithograph, signed in the stone.
Framed in black-coated metal. 15¼" x 19¼"

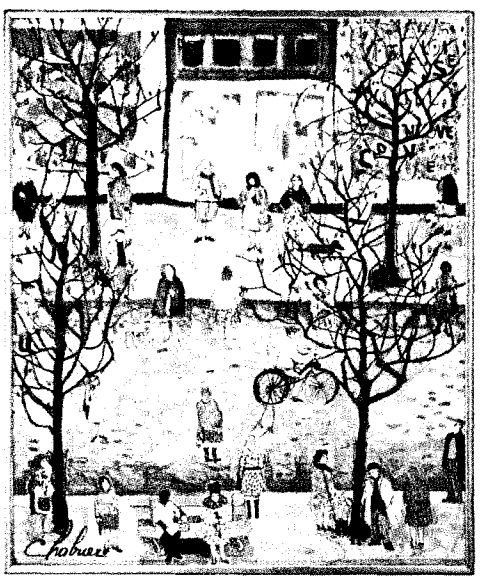
The Lady and the Unicorn
Engraving, signed in the plate.
Framed in gold-colored aluminum. 18" x 15¼"

Soleil
Six-color lithograp
signed in the stone
Framed in gold-
colored aluminum
15¼" x 19¼"

The River
White Marblestone,
signed in the mold.
Weight five pounds.
Height 13"

"Thanks to art, instead of see
we have before us as mu

Mother and Child
Lithograph in sepia,
signed in the stone.
Framed in wood of antique
gold finish. 19¼" x 16½"



Une Rue de Paris
Seven-color lithograph, signed in the stone.
Framed in aluminum. 18" x 15¼"

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FINE ARTS 260®

A DIVISION OF

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.

offers readers of *Saturday Review*

an invitation to accept one of these fine original works of art

By SALVADOR DALI • RAPHAEL SOYER

LEBADANG • NATHALIE CHABRIER

ANTONIO GUANSÉ • VINCENT GLINSKY

single world—our own—we see it multiply until worlds as there are original artists" **—MARCEL PROUST**

FINE ARTS 260, a subscription service for art collectors directed by the Book-of-the-Month Club, commissions American and European artists to create, in very limited editions, a wide diversity of original prints—lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, engravings and silkscreens—as well as sculpture cast in lost-wax bronze and other materials. Through this plan, artists can be provided with a more assured market than is possible through the conventional—and costly—system of gallery exhibition sales; thus, prices can be substantially below those one would expect to pay for fine original art.

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To introduce this service, FINE ARTS 260 invites you to choose one of the original works illustrated and numbered at left. Each has been created in a special unlimited edition and signed by the artist in the plate, stone or mold. Exhibit the work in your home, then decide whether you would like to participate in this exciting collector's program. If you should choose to do so, the work you select will be yours to keep.

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The program allows you the convenience and pleasure of choosing works of art of interest to you in the environment in which they will ultimately be displayed and enjoyed – your own home. As a subscriber, you will be sent periodically a portfolio containing descriptions and color illustrations of framed original prints and sculpture – more than forty works during the coming year in a wide variety of subjects and styles. You may select any of these – with the very significant privilege of examining your choice and, if you do not wish to keep it, *returning it within thirty days.*

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The prints offered throughout the subscription will be pencil-signed by the artists and numbered. Editions will be strictly limited to 260 impressions (plus no more than twenty-five artist's proofs *not for sale*). After these have been completed, the stones, plates or blocks will be defaced so that further impressions can never be made.

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

B-1 Plus B-12

We were sitting around the apartment, eating corned-beef sandwiches and chewing the fat, when lovely young newlywed Rhonda Singer, studying law at New York University, said to her lovely, young, talented husband, Mark, on the staff of *The New Yorker* magazine, "The reason we are suffering from this inflation is that we are spending too much on our defense budget."

"Forewarned is forearmed," cryptically replied Mark.

"That's a cryptic remark if ever I heard one," argued Rhonda. "I didn't complain when you insisted on installing three sophisticated locks on our front door. But it's those two steel bolts, top and bottom, that have to be pulled from their sockets, and that heavy brass chain to be lifted out of its slot. This morning, when my mother dropped by, it took me so long to man my station that by the time I opened the door, mother had left, thinking we were not at home. That's pure overkill."

"My point exactly," said Mark. Unfortunately adding, "Keep the enemy away from the door."

It took a good two minutes before Rhonda gave Mark a full pardon, told him to get up off his knees, and had him sign an accord pledging that for the next decade he would give up on his contemplated sophisticated doorbell, which, when pushed, triggers a recorded message: "We are at home, forewarned and forearmed. At the sound of the beep, leave your name and phone number and go away."

THIS PASTICHE of querulous debate is not one of your all-in-the-family type sitcoms. It was real, as quoted, except for some slight punching-up of a line or two for laughs.

Rhonda's bitterly equating her locks and keys and bolts with our national defense budget shows a prevalent and growing belief that if the military budget were drastically cut, say, $5 or $10 billion (I'm loose when it comes to somebody else's money) and the money were used for construction instead of destruction, there would be enough in the household inflation-plagued budget for the luxuries of life—food, clothing, and rent.

Of course nobody is saying to hell with defense, any more than Rhonda is saying nuts to bolts. But $84 billion this fiscal year? And a Pentagon forecast of $104 billion in future years?

(The Pentagon figures have nothing to do with handguns, which, as we all know, are used only in everyday humdrum holdups, muggings, assassinations, murder, and rape.)

There were high hopes when President Ford returned triumphantly from his Russian SALT talks (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks). Until then the only news that came out of those SALT talks had sounded more like ASSAULT talks.

But hopes skittered gloomily when Henry Kissinger announced that the new accord would "not block any weapons program now in progress." Meaning no drastic cut in the defense budget. And the President told Congress that both America and Russia would now be permitted to use whatever "mixture of missile delivery vehicles" they choose—submarine-based or the new airborne B-1.

Which is like telling a man going to the electric chair that he has a choice of AC or DC.

The mighty B-1 is a plane that can deliver missiles at a speed thousands of times greater than that of our Postal Service. The B-1 is so accurate that it can drop its load of death right at our enemy's doorsteppes.

When the B-1 was on the drawing board, its cost was estimated at $46 million. When the Pentagon people trotted it out for its first public display, they announced that the price was $79 million, thanks to inflation. (See? They have that problem, too.) And there are plans to build 240 more missiles.

People differ bitterly. The quarrel is: Which is more urgently needed—a $79 million B-1 or a 50-cent hamburger? Long-fused missiles result in short-fused tempers.

Do you fall asleep easily counting B-1s? Do you wake up mornings feeling protected, refreshed, secure, loved, well cared for?

You are the lucky ones. You find it easy to forget Armageddon.

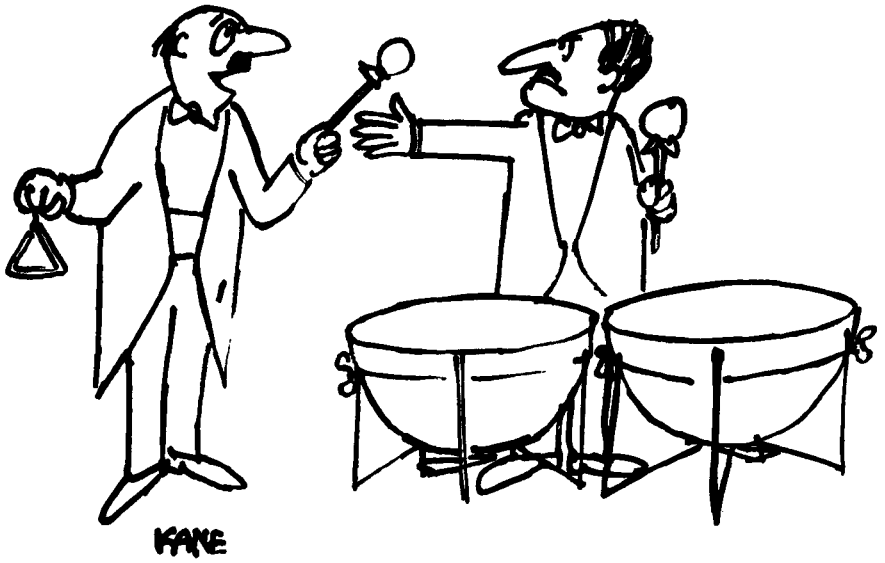
Or do you toss restlessly, counting your household budget? Do you wake up mornings headachy, anxious, jittery, insecure, nauseated, feverishly pondering when nations will begin to beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks?

You are among the less fortunate, and you might as well forget plowshares and pruning hooks. There's no big market for them these days.

To that uneasy group, a word of clinical comfort. You have been bitten by the B-1 Budget Bug, an affliction more fiscal than physical. It is not terminal, although it seems interminable. It may help if you end that long question up there at "Do you wake up mornings?" That's a plus.

If uneasiness persists, see your doctor. My doctor said he could cure the B-1 blues with a shot of B-12. He promised it would work like a charm.

It did. Too bad it didn't work like a medicine. □



"Sorry I stole your thunder."

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EASTERN EUROPE: Where life is not so good, yet not so bad

by Richard C. Longworth

Before, if a person got an exit visa, as often as not he defected. Now almost everybody comes back.

—a teacher in Warsaw.

We have different ideas and habits than the Russians do—that's all. It's not in their interest to make a big deal out of it. Their main interest is law and order—and we've got that.

—a journalist in Budapest.

It's not that we're without hope. But we know we must wait—and we don't know for how long.

—a housewife in Prague.

These dissimilar attitudes—optimism in Poland, confidence in Hungary, resignation in Czechoslovakia—differentiate the countries that the world has long lumped together as "the Soviet bloc." This term always was unfair: The six East European nations allied to Russia—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, East Germany, and Bulgaria—are as different as Scotland and Italy. It is even less fair today, when the area is experiencing basic changes. When I traveled recently through Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Romania, I found signs that Eastern Europe has entered a new era. Twenty-five years after seizure of control, Russia has stopped trying to dictate the details of cultural, political, and economic life there, much less trying to make these details conform to the Soviet model. Instead, Moscow has issued two broad guidelines to its ideological neighbors—that each country remain recognizably Communist and that each keep the peace, enabling Russia to attend to China, détente, and its own problems, undistracted by riots or by other unpleasantness. The kind of communism and the form of peacekeeping is largely a matter of local option.

This edict, obviously, implies something less than parliamentary democracy. In fact, it does not necessarily promise improvements. Hungary and Poland are increasing personal liberties and raising living standards, while hewing to Soviet foreign policy. Czechoslovakia, still jumpy after the 1968 invasion, promotes prosperity but keeps a rigid rein on politics at home and kowtows to Moscow abroad. Romania continues the noisy independence from Russia that has won it a good press in the West—and the less-publicized political repression and misguided industrialization that make it the most Stalinist and poorest nation in Eastern Europe. I did not visit Bulgaria and East Germany on this trip, but going by my past experience there, I can believe reports that these two—the former the most pro-Russian bloc nation, the latter the least trusted—remain docile.

The point, then, is not that these nations are evolving in ways pleasing to either the West or Russia. It is that they are evolving in their own way, at their own pace. If this trend continues, it will be seen as Eastern Europe's third distinct era since the war. The first was the Stalin years, when Russia moved in, installed its own viceroys, looted its new "allies," and liquidated any nay-sayers. Stalin's death in 1953 and uprisings in Hungary and Poland in 1956 ended this period and ushered in the Khrushchev era—a time of uncertain reforms, hesitant progress, and panicky retreats. With the Kremlin wavering, the East Europeans began experimenting, testing limits.

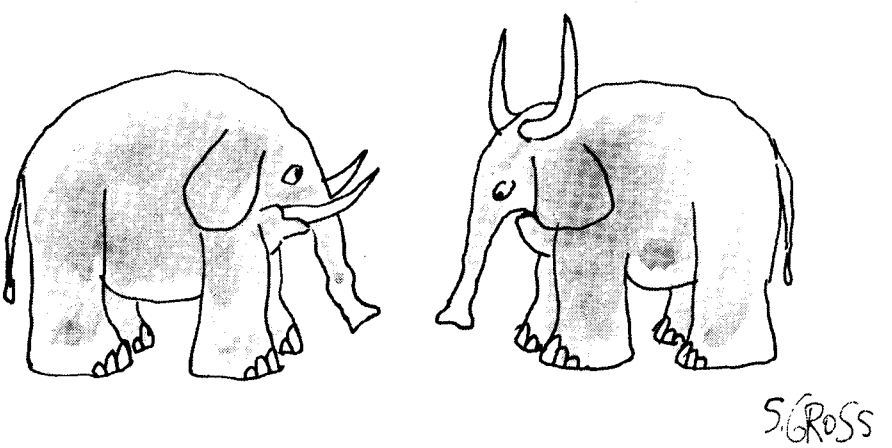
There was nothing new in this experimentation. East Europeans have been doing it for centuries. The area between the Baltic and Black seas is, historically, a breakwater against which wave after wave of invasions from the East—of Turk and Tartar, of Russian czar and Soviet commissar—have beaten and been absorbed. Protected by this "seawall," the nations of the West have been able to develop their remarkable civilization. It is a debt to Eastern Europe that we seldom acknowledge.

The most successful experimenting during the Khrushchev era took place in Hungary. But it was the Prague Spring and the subsequent Soviet invasion that ended the era, by showing the limits of reform only too clearly. Then, two years later, Polish workers rioted because of low pay and high prices. Both events demonstrated the failure of Soviet policy in Eastern Europe. The Russians, it seems now, responded by telling leaders there to do something about it. Anything—but quickly.

THE RESULTS of this order are only now becoming visible. One is a consumer boom in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland after a quarter-century of backwardness. Housing, still a major problem, is a priority item. More and better food is available. Clothing has caught up with the West in styles—if not in quality. Poles and Czechs are buying their own homes, and the cobbled squares of Prague and Budapest are filled with Eastern-made cars bearing such names as Wartburg, Dacia, Skoda, Zhigali, and Polski Fiat.

The Eastern nations have plugged their economies into the West's. Hungary, Poland, and Romania all do half their trade with Western nations. They import equipment and processes from the West, using loans to be paid off with goods produced by this equipment. Romania pioneered this method; but when its industry failed to rise to Western standards, it went so deeply into debt that it must now export badly

(Continued on page 52.)



"My mother was frightened by a water buffalo."

Richard C. Longworth, European diplomatic correspondent for U.P.I., lived and worked for seven years in Russia and Eastern Europe.

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The Rise of Middle Class Activism: FIGHTING "CITY HALL"

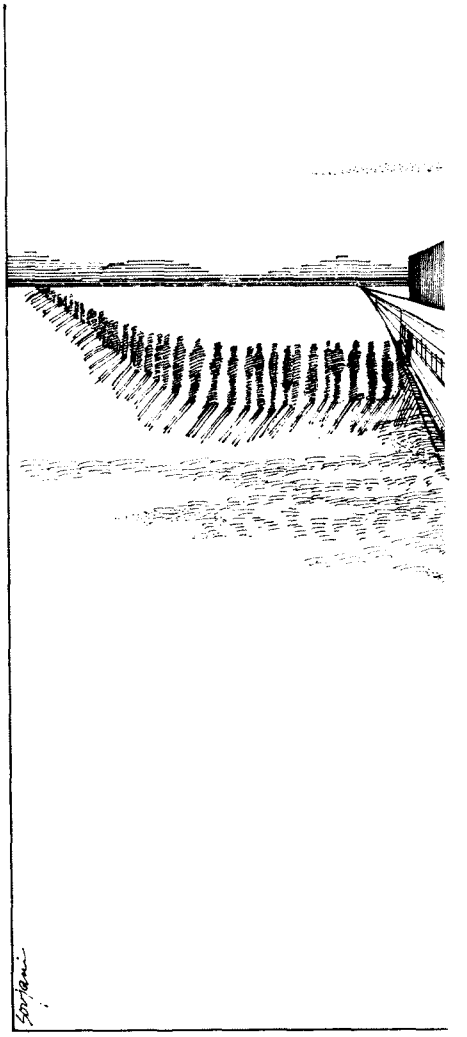
by Roger M. Williams

In January ABC-TV introduced what the world scarcely needs—another situation comedy. This one, however, is a barometer of something besides our lamentable tastes in television. The program is called "Karen," and its heroine lives near Washington, D.C., and works for a Common Cause–like organization. She is sophisticated, middle-class, and, above all, "involved." Even if "Karen" fails its Nielsen test, ABC should be credited with spotting a significant trend in American life: the growth, in numbers and importance, of public interest groups whose driving forces are the discontent and pent-up energies of the middle class.

From Common Cause to small-city consumer groups, from Nader task forces to local professionals working *pro bono publico*, from housewives angry at children's television in Massachusetts to retired people angry at unbridled growth in Colorado, volunteers are banding together to assault the system. They are overwhelmingly middle-class in background and outlook. By the standards of the Sixties, they are unrecognizable as protesters; their dress is neat, their tone moderate, their battlegrounds indoors, not out. Their goals are equally remote from the Sixties. Instead of peace, civil rights, and an end to poverty, the goals are consumer protection, auto and airplane safety, limited growth, pure food, clean air and water, cleaner politics, and especially "accountability"—a term, now almost a cliché, that translates broadly into, "This is bad. Who's gonna fix it?"

One of the most striking "fixit" groups of late has been Citizens for Colorado's Future (C.C.F.), which in the fall of 1972 accomplished the nearly unbelievable feat of keeping the 1976 winter Olympic Games out of Colorado. Faced with the bring-the-games boosterism of business and political leaders, C.C.F. mobilized suburbanites, environmentalists, retired people, and students—almost all of them white, middle-class, and previously uninvolved in public controversy. They rounded up 88,000 signatures to get the Olympics issue on the statewide ballot and then passionately argued their case: that the Olympics would bring unwanted growth and environmental blight and that the money to stage such a show could be put to better uses. The proposed $5 million state outlay for the games was voted down by a ratio of almost five to three.

C.C.F. organizer John Parr says that its surprise strength came largely from "a new group of activists—suburban housewives and their professional or executive husbands. A lot of them told us, 'I've been afraid to get involved like this before.' " C.C.F.'s chief spokesman, state representative Michael D. Lamm, rode the Olympics issue (and others of his own making) into the governor's office last fall. His campaign organization was staffed and substantially financed by veterans of the anti-Olympics drive.*



Illustrations: John Sovjani

ORGANIZED PROTEST is not new to the American middle class—members of the Townsend Movement of the Thirties and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, as well as the early feminists, were certainly middle-class—but it is new on this scale. Except perhaps for the Revolutionary period, organized protest has never reached so deeply into middle-class ranks and involved such a broad range of issues. The protest has made maximum use of the things the middle class does best: organize, propagandize, and work like hell. The press release, the telephone network, and the fold-and-stamp brigade—tools of sales organizations and the Junior League—have been turned loose on government officials and businessmen and anybody else who is "accountable" but not behaving that way. Says Jack Conway, until recently president of Common Cause: "The Sixties was minority politics. Now we are playing majority politics, because inside the majority is where the decisions are made."

Not everyone is delighted with the new middle-class activism. Labor unions suspect middle-class motives and resent the elevation of environmental and military-spending issues to the detriment of their own traditional concerns, such as job security. Some reformers say the new groups tend to overlook the critical issues. (Says a believer in revenue-sharing as a critical issue: "Those people who fret over children's TV are too much. Why don't they just pull the plug and get to work on something important?") The most serious criticism is that the middle-class groups are not public-interested, but self-interested, elitist in operation and outlook. "Public interest is a middle-class exercise," is the way Anthony Mazzochi of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers put it not long ago.

The last criticism, at least, is sound, and the most candid of the public interest group spokesmen acknowledge its validity. Environmentalists are especially open to the charge. "They don't simply want to keep the brook clean," a friendly critic observes. "They want to keep other people from fishing in it."

The question is whether middle-class motives, even those of earnest liberals,

*Also elected last fall, to Congress, was Toby Moffett, a former "Raider" for Ralph Nader and a leader of Connecticut Citizens Action.

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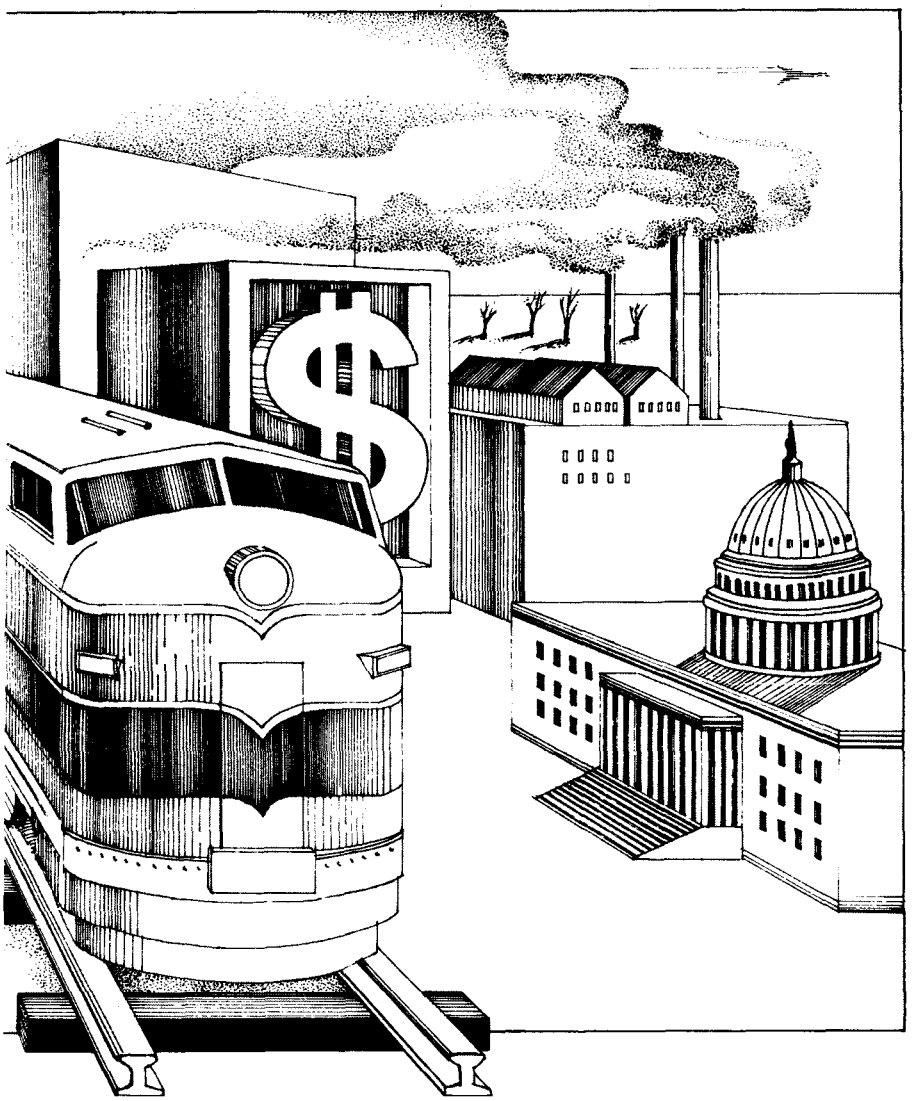

"A seemingly inexhaustible supply of middle-class people eager to 'get involved' in this or that cause."

can serve a broad public interest. It is a tenet of the public interest group faith that they can and do. David Brower, the outspoken president of Friends of the Earth, says that those who charge groups like his with acting out of self-interest are "missing the point. There is a paucity of institutions willing to look ahead. This is our job, and it is essential if we give a fig about the next generation."

How large is the public interest movement? It is unmeasured and perhaps unmeasurable, but those close to the field affirm that it is larger than ever before. At present, they say, there are in the United States several thousand activist, public interest organizations—issue-oriented rather than service-oriented in the manner of traditional community groups. There are also a few thousand "research" organizations to back them up. The proliferation of the resource organizations is a reliable indicator of how the movement has grown. The membership includes lawyers, scientists, architects, accountants, and advertising executives who donate their time to helping promote causes they deem worthy.

Who is joining the movement? Whites comprise the heavy majority, and they are well above average in education, income, awareness of issues, and disposable time for volunteer activities. That is, they are a large and generally inert portion of the middle-class amalgam. "Part of the middle class is so fearful of change that it turns backward," says David Cohen, chief lobbyist for Common Cause. "Another part accepts change as inevitable, if not welcome, and wants to master it. That second part is the Common Cause group." The same can be said of the other middle-class public interest groups. Many of their activists have been down the protest trail before, in the civil-rights or the anti-war movements. Many are members of more than one public interest group; so their true strength is not so great as a total membership would indicate. Their staying power is limited; the former head of Common Cause in California estimates that only 10 to 15 percent of the organization's membership works actively and that among this group there is a 50 percent annual turnover—a retention rate that he calls "better than most" in the public interest field.

If that is a hell of a way to run a railroad, the train is nonetheless gaining speed. For fuel it has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of middle-class people eager to "get involved" in this or that cause. Their motivations vary. Some of the people have been disillusioned by Watergate and, before that, by Vietnam, by assassinations, and by the 1968 Democratic convention. "People are dismayed that government, set up to serve the public interest, is serving special interests instead," says Carl C. Clark of the Commission for the Advancement of Public Interest Organizations. "That isn't new, but the perception of it is now getting through." Others are attracted simply because they are joiners, which the American middle class has long been, and because public interest work is currently chic. (One of William Hamilton's "Now Society" cartoons shows his typically "now" female asking her mate, "Don't you think if there'd been no John Gardner and no Common Cause, we'd have found each other anyway?")

But the chief motivations seem to go deeper—to feelings of powerlessness and loss of control over one's life. American society has traditionally been operated by and for the middle class. Ours has been a system based on middle-class values, a system whose riches might be skimmed by economic buccaneers but whose decision-making was in safe, solid, middle-class hands. What has happened, it seems, is that the powerful institutions on which the middle class could always rely—business and government—are no longer reliable, no longer accountable. They serve other interests as well. Business serves itself, in ways that even the middle class finds offensive. Government, more bureaucratized yet more politically sensitive, serves elements of society that formerly were not heard, let alone served: women, blacks, poor people. Not only is the middle class less coddled than before; when it complains, its complaints may go unheeded.

ELEVATED FROM SPECIFICS to something like a social philosophy, the complaints now have a familiar ring: "We're all nothing but numbers"; "our political institutions are unresponsive"; "other people are getting the benefits that we pay for." Says David Ramage, who heads

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"The Sixties provided a valuable lesson. Blacks, Chicanos, . . . were raising the devil and getting everyone's attention and some . . . of the things they wanted."

the Washington-based Center for Community Change: "[The middle class's] perception of control over their lives has been considerably lessened. Not just by the federal government, but by a whole variety of experts who determine what's best. It is a feeling akin to what the lower classes have always felt." In short, there is a growing awareness that major decisions affecting middle-class people are being made without them and often directly against their own interests.

Jack Conway mentions an obvious example, the unemployed aerospace engineer: "He's busted his butt to go to school, become an important man in his community, and—wham!—he's out. Does he feel powerless? You're damned right he does." So does the father who, on $15,000 a year, can no longer be sure of being able to buy a nice house or send his children to college—or even keep a utility from damming or polluting his favorite river. So does the taxpayer who, try as he may, inevitably resents "subsidizing so many government workers and welfare recipients," as Jack Anderson put it in a recent column on "the submissive majority." John Gardner, the Common Cause chairman, points out that the middle class "has not been victimized. They bought all this themselves: the technology, the bigness, and the centralizing trends that have left them with a feeling of very little power."

IT HAS TAKEN A LONG WHILE for all this to sink in—because of the middle class's innate go-slow attitudes and because the Fifties was a conservative period. The classes were properly positioned. People who wanted jobs had them, and paychecks covered expenses. The civil-rights movement was still embryonic; the beatniks, who seemed radical at the time, were trying not to change society, but to get away from it. Super-Americanism, which had no patience with protest, was the prevailing ideology, and almost everyone accepted the old maxim, "You can't fight city hall."

For those alert enough to learn, the Sixties provided a valuable lesson Blacks, Chicanos, and who knew what all else were raising the devil and get ting everyone's attention and some (i looked like a lot) of the things they wanted. Some nice white middle-clas people joined the civil-rights protests others just watched. But they all learnec a little. Then came the anti-war move ment, which enlisted nice white middler by the droves and ruined a President and they all learned a little more. The war on poverty taught additional lessons particularly to the middle-class folks whc served on the local boards and saw how decisions get made and how money is spent at the grass roots. The nice white middlers began shedding their inhibi tions. "By the start of the Seventies," says a veteran of the anti-poverty effor and of Common Cause, "it was okay for *anybody* to organize. You had Suburbar Mothers Against the War and Neighbors to Stop High-Rise and God knows how many other groups like them."

The successes of Ralph Nader provided further incentives. Nice white middlers might not have liked Nader's aggressiveness, but they were impressec by the way he challenged unaccountable institutions. In the auto-safety campaign he not only stood up to some of Ameri ca's most powerful corporations but ever showed them to be dirty pool players Then he went after phony advertising claims, food additives, government secrecy, and oligarchic corporate boards. He sent his task forces of "Nader's Raiders" in pursuit of water and air polluters regulatory agencies, the banking industry. Nader's tools have been the exposé and the lawsuit, honed by a righteousness no other public figure can match.

What the middle-class public interest groups lack in righteousness they make up for in skills and in the ability to influence. A high proportion of their members are accustomed to conceptualizing, organizing, and promoting. They are also accustomed to dealing with decision-makers, in and out of government. They are comfortable with the media, and with foundations that have money to give away.

Most of all, members of these groups have a determination to make their presence felt. It was not always thus. "In the old-style service groups, the Boy Scouts and 'friends of the hospital,' " says Carl Clark, "the volunteers weren't really trusted. They were used to carrying out policies that were set by the leadership. It was fine for a Gray Lady to read to a

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wounded soldier in the hospital, but it wasn't fine for her to ask, 'Why is that soldier lying there all this time without an operation?' In the new public interest groups, people ask questions like that, and they care about the answers." Further, they become impatient with anything short of what they see as direct action to solve a problem. "The people we get don't want study groups or lectures anymore," says Ken Smith of Common Cause. "They say, 'Tell us how to get so-and-so's vote on an issue.' "

A major strength of the public interest groups is the special skills they can call on, usually free of charge. Professional people usually predominate on the boards of directors, and they have little trouble getting colleagues to donate *pro bono* work. Jim Turner, who heads a food and drug consulting group, says he can call on "some of the best-trained people in the world—women with graduate degrees in nutrition, for example, who donate tremendous amounts of time to our projects."

In a potentially far-reaching development, a small band of public activists and foundations recently formed a profit-making corporation whose aim is to challenge shoddy business practices through lawsuits. The corporation, called Public Equity, will take on only cases it considers important and hopes will be lucrative. "The significant thing about Public Equity," says one of its board members, "is that it's getting into economics. It's going to hit business where it lives, in the profit-and-loss statement, and it's going to do that with an All-American institution, the corporation."

Spurred by the national economic situation, consumer action groups have organized in numerous cities. San Francisco Consumer Action is probably the liveliest of the groups. Since its founding in 1971, the group has published four widely praised handbooks, including guides to banking and pharmaceutical services and a scathing attack on the California Department of Consumer Affairs. It has also threatened "educational picketing" of business firms that do not respond to its demands. Consumer Action has about 2,000 dues-paying members, who are as middle-class as the seven staff members (all college graduates living on "subsistence" pay). The staffers are still a bit embarrassed about their first big case, which involved a woman who had had endless problems with her new Jaguar car. Consumer Action, true to its creed of helping everyone, no matter how well off, picketed the San Francisco office of the British Motor Corporation. British Motors sued for $6 million, but Consumer Action won the case, the right to picket, and good service for the Jaguar for the rest of its natural life.

"To succeed, John Gardner warns, the movement must avoid two pitfalls . . . : capture by business or other invaders from the Establishment, and infatuation with the idea that it is really the voice of the people."

SUBURBAN NEWTONVILLE, MASS., seems an unlikely place for protest, but it is the home of Action for Children's Television, which for several years now has kept unrelenting pressure on the television networks and companies that advertise on their programs for children. ACT wants to improve drastically the dismal quality of children's programs and to banish commercials from them. Although these goals are well nigh unreachable, ACT has made important gains. Under its badgering, the National Association of Broadcasters has agreed to eliminate vitamin advertising and reduce the overall number of commercials on children's shows. ACT is now pressuring both the NAB and Federal Trade Commission to crack down on other commercial practices, such as using program "hosts" to pitch products and bombarding gullible youngsters with come-ons for toys and sugary snacks.

ACT was midwived in Newtonville in the living room of Mrs. Peggy Charren, who called in a few neighbors—two doctors, a lawyer, and their wives—to see what could be done to "change TV." The group decided to forgo boycotts and try instead, in Mrs. Charren's words, "to create a climate that would lead to the broadcaster's giving some real thought to what he was doing." That rather vague battle plan assumes the opposition—also middle-class—to be decent folks who will probably do the right thing when they are shown what that is. If they don't do right, there is always the Naderesque lawsuit.

The networks now anxiously check ACT's ratings of children's programming and brag about ACT's approval if they get it. Not only can the organization make trouble with the FTC; its membership has grown to 5,000 and has spread to almost every state. That's a lot of potential bad-mouthings of a network and its advertisers. These days ACT attracts foundation support, but Mrs. Charren remembers when the embryonic membership had to put up the money from its own pockets. "We can't imagine how people without money could do this kind of thing," she says. "It's difficult to see how the poor can make change."

By the environmentalists' own definition, no other group is more public-interested than they are. Nobody is more middle-class, either—a fact that elicits little concern from environmental leaders. "Yes, our base is too narrow," says David Brower, "but there simply are not enough people around with the time to project their thoughts that far, that often." At Brower's Friends of the Earth and at the Sierra Club, which he formerly headed, the trend is toward involvement in "social issues" with only a tenuous connection to environmentalism: for example, a 1973 strike of Shell Oil refinery workers, to which the Sierra Club gave public support. "Friends of the Earth people are already Socialists," says Sierra Club editor Roger Olmstead, with a chuckle; "so Brower doesn't have to worry. But I think our organization should move cautiously on marginally environmental issues, or we're going to step on a lot of toes." Some Sierra Club toes already are smarting, because the club still has a healthy complement of conservative members who want to be "involved" only in old-fashioned conservation and the pleasures of the outdoor life.

THE FLAGSHIP of the public interest fleet is Common Cause. It is the biggest, the richest, and—except for the combined Nader enterprises—the most influential of the groups. John Gardner started Common Cause after his original public interest venture, the National Urban Coalition, had failed to develop as anticipated (the Coalition has since undergone substantial staff and budget cutbacks). Common Cause has 320,000 members nationwide and an annual income, from $15 dues and contributions, of more than $6 million. That is a lot of money to be thrown around in anyone's interest, even the public's. Common Cause spends the

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"By the standards of the Sixties, they are unrecognizable as protesters; their dress is neat, their tone moderate, their battlegrounds indoors, not out."

bulk of it on trying to influence the votes of legislators and the decisions of other government officials, principally in Washington but also in state capitals. It has developed a modern and quite ingenious version of traditional pressure-group politics. The basic instruments are the telephone and the postage meter, which are relentlessly employed by a small staff and legions of volunteers. The system is so efficient that, notified of a critical vote in Congress, Common Cause can put hundreds of letters on the desks of selected congressmen within 24 hours. "They're not form letters, either," says an official of the organization. "They're knowledgeable, articulate, and persuasive."

Virtually alone among public interest groups, Common Cause focuses on procedural, rather than substantive, issues. Instead of attacking poverty, television, or strip-mining, it attacks governmental mechanisms that keep these issues from being effectively addressed. This policy has brought Common Cause itself under attack for allegedly tilting at windmills rather than real fortresses, but there can be little question of the importance of such procedures as the congressional seniority and committee systems. Common Cause won its biggest victory to date last fall, when it led the successful drive for federal campaign-finance reform.

Common Cause affiliates now operate in some 35 states. Last year the California group was instrumental in the passage of Proposition 9, a statewide campaign finance law. It fought for "Prop Nine" with another, very different public interest group, People's Lobby, which specializes in gathering petition signatures (necessary for getting measures like Proposition 9 on the ballot) and which is run from top to bottom by a Los Angeles husband and wife team. The San Francisco office of Common Cause was recently relocated from downtown to Union Street, in part so that it would be more attractive to upper-middle-class lady volunteers from neighboring Pacific Heights. Common Cause officials know that creating an atmosphere is important to the organization's work. To sustain that atmosphere, they have persuaded John Gardner, whenever he visits a city with a Common Cause office, to spend time chatting with its volunteers. But concessions to volunteers' sensitivities stop when the business of politics begins. Common Cause volunteers learn to judge politicians on an issue by issue basis, with no points awarded for good deeds done yesterday. They learn, too, that political protest goes where and how it's needed. In the spring of 1972, one group of Bay Area Common Causists wanted to protest the Vietnam war in the district of Rep. Pete McCloskey, a staunch anti-war man, while another group wanted to march in downtown San Francisco. Instead, both groups were directed to assemble in the district of Rep. William Mailliard, who was pro-war and the senior Republican on the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Even middle-class politics, the lesson was, can be inconvenient.

LEADERS of the public interest movement are optimistic about its future. They believe that the movement has established a valuable check and balance on the federal government. They seem confident that middle class feelings of powerlessness will not diminish under a government devoted, as the middle class sees it, to the welfare of other elements of society. But some observers question the tenacity of the middle class in sticking with issues that show little promise of resolution. Others question its willingness to fund a vast array of public interest organizations. (Movement thinkers already are devising ways to tap the federal treasury in behalf of their groups; one idea is for an income tax checkoff, modeled on the present voluntary tax contribution to the two major parties.) A greater danger may well be the failure to build a broader base of support. David Brower favors a new political party that he hopes would attract a wide range of America's disaffected. Although his own Common Cause is far from broadly based, John Gardner recognizes the present limitations on the public interest movement. To succeed, he warns, the movement must avoid two pitfalls to which the middle class is peculiarly susceptible: capture by business or foundations or other invaders from the Establishment and infatuation with the idea that it is really *the* voice of the people. □

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My name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job as Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine because I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

You see, for some time now I've been hoping to start an entirely new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is here—*if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of it.

No, not by subscribing. I need writers. Researchers. Editors.

Requirements: You are on your own.

And by you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking you to help get started will be produced by its readers. By you, I hope.

As a matter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or not you contribute. Let me give you some background:

I was proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked hard on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are committed to publishing the "best" writers in the world. This is understandable. And I agree we need this kind of source.

But this policy locks out communication of another, and in my opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, independent messages from the great numbers of intelligent and involved men and women who don't happen to be writers who know editors.

I want to offer a variety of communications from real people about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or longer if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than any other publication in the world. *If* my readers really did contribute.

In a real sense, this communication would be a collection of points of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An ongoing biopsy of our civilization.

When I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the publisher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually develop the kind of magazine I wanted, he would publish it.

So I've decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEKLY, a national newspaper that flourished concurrently with the monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916.

The people who ran that old weekly had the temerity to call it "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly what I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

I want *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write about your point of view from where you are. If you are a businessman and you want to talk about business, go ahead. If you are a housewife and you want to write about the effects of permissiveness on children, I think you are highly qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick up a pen and write a piece on your secret desire to become a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

Do you see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts and shouts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed page of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of all times, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

Frankly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't have a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

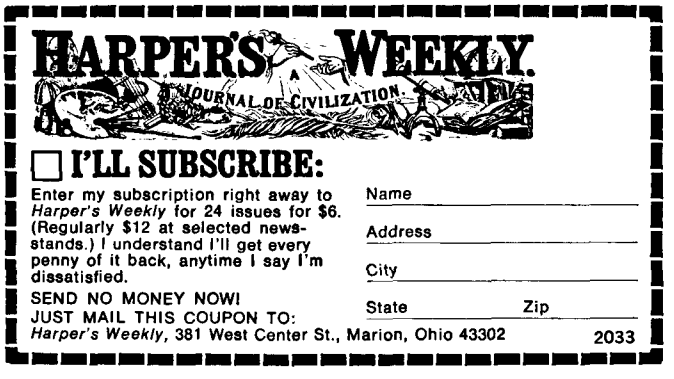
O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

1. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan a wide variety of publications such as your local newspaper, specialized newsletters, professional, literary and political journals. Clip and send us items you think deserve attention. For each item we use, you'll receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. *Write for us*, especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. Published contributions will carry your name and hometown, and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. *Support Harper's Weekly.* Take a subscription. Twenty-four issues for $6.

Harper's Weekly. "A Journal of Civilization." Or an inquiry into whether or not *personal accountability* is still a real force in us.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SR Books

"The Last Great Beano"

Meeting at Potsdam
by Charles L. Mee, Jr.
M. Evans, 384 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Marilyn B. Young

Charles L. Mee's *Meeting at Potsdam* is, on one level, a remarkable achievement. Of all the unlikely subjects for popular history, surely this last of the Big Three wartime conferences ranks high. Meeting for two weeks in the summer of 1945, the conference was intended to finalize agreements and understandings reached earlier concerning Russia's entry into the war against Japan, the amount of German reparations, the western border of Poland, and so on. The issues were complex and intricate, the language of the negotiations repetitious, often arcane. Yet Mee dedicates his book to someone who "liked a good story," and that in large measure is what he has managed to wrest from a wide variety of primary sources and secondary accounts.

The virtues and the defects of the book emerge in the skillfully written portraits of the three principals, which are depicted in the first three chapters. Each chapter has its own atmosphere, almost its own climate. For Truman the prose is hard, bright, slightly brassy. Gone is that favorite image of the cocky haberdasher growing steadily into his job as leader of the free world. This Truman is a hard-edged, determined, self-confident politician on his way to Potsdam, Mee concludes, not to avoid conflict but to arrange the grounds for successful American pursuit of it. But he is also a man who writes to his mother before leaving the country. In a period when Kissinger and a cooperative press are working diligently at the dubious enterprise of restoring nineteenth-century luster to classical diplomacy, it is refreshing to read Truman's complaints: "I am getting ready to go see Stalin and Churchill, and it is a chore. . . . Wish I didn't have to go but I do, and it can't be stopped now."

For Churchill, Mee's palette is somewhat richer. In a lengthy description of Churchill's resting in France before leaving for Potsdam, the tones are muted—Lear not raging on the heath but trailing through a French château with a box of watercolors. Mee is never misled by the superb epic script Churchill writes for himself. He takes Churchill seriously but not on Churchill's own terms. Mee gives us enough distance to realize how both foolish and dangerous the man was. Provocative, scheming to create maximum distrust between Russia and America, the Churchill that Mee gives us is hardly the tough, touching bulldog of most popular accounts. There are other nice touches in this chapter: descriptions of those who readied the conference site, such as Joan Bright, for example, "an Englishwoman with deep reserves of chipperness" who declared that "absolutely *everyone*" was at Potsdam. It was "the last great beano of the war."

If he does not precisely offer new analyses of Truman and Churchill, Mee nevertheless succeeds in giving the reader a vivid sense not only of what they were like personally but also of the broad outlines of their policies. It feels new even if it isn't. With Stalin, however, it's all old stuff. The prose is dark, oppressive; the music, pure Prokofiev: the wolf's theme from *Peter and the Wolf*. Traveling through a landscape won back from a vicious invader at terrible cost, Stalin is pictured as "Russia's Communist czar" comfortably surveying

U.S. Army Photo
Churchill, Truman, and Stalin—"Play

"his newly conquered territories." We are told he is contemplating the pleasures of possible empire (though several pages later Stalin is more accurately described as intensely concerned not with expansion, but with tight, secure borders). While Mee hardly holds a brief for the ambitions of either Truman or Churchill, they somehow manage to escape sounding *illegitimate*. That is reserved for the Russians. With the third chapter, on Stalin, it becomes clear we shall learn little of value from Mee about Russian policy or behavior.

THE PROBLEM is a curious one. Mee, resembling in this regard any number of mainstream academic historians, has read and absorbed the revisionist literature on the history of American foreign policy. The use he makes of it is also characteristic—a kind of giving with one hand and taking away with the other. The information is used, even relied upon. The analysis is rejected, or muffled, and nothing new is offered in its place. I can think of no book of popular history on this period that does as good a job of stripping away the mystifying rhetoric of the cold war from

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'he cold war game, determined from the start to play it out."

Truman and his cohorts as this one does. Yet it is only half the job. The Russians remain bundled in their bearskins—moldy but still in place. When he turns to a more general analysis of American policy, Mee's ambivalence is clear. "We have regarded ourselves," Mee says of Americans, "as a special people, motivated by ideals that . . . have held us apart from the sordid politics of the Old World from which we fled." Well, part of the reason Americans continue to believe this sort of nonsense is that historians keep repeating it, even if, like Mee, they say it isn't so in the next paragraph. Somehow the aura of the justifying ideology clings to the very sentences that take it apart. Thus Mee says of the United Nations: "And so, when we took on the post-war mantle of a global power, we designed the United Nations, a liberal democratic gathering of all the great and small nations of the world." We wanted, Mee says, to do away with spheres of influence. But we also wanted to retain our sphere in Latin America. The charter of the organization was, "by design, born dead." It was an international body that would "in no way interfere with the conduct of power politics." The contradictions that run through this account lie less in the policies themselves than in the historians who resist sorting them out for us. Everything in Mee's book points to a conclusion he holds back from making explicit. The United States wished to do away with "the old rivalries for spheres of influence" so that it could assert itself globally. There is no contradiction here. What's mine is mine, and what's yours is also mine if I can get away with it. Mee comes close to making this clear, but time and again he hesitates, draws back, points an accusing finger at Stalin, and then wraps it all up with a fine anecdote.

Mee's central thesis is that at Potsdam we can witness three men "intent upon increasing the power of their countries and of themselves and who perceived that they could enhance their power more certainly in a world of discord than of tranquility." Three bad men (one, the guy with the mustache, a bit badder than the others) sitting around the table making deals. Mee seems not to have consulted Diane Clemens's superb study of the Yalta conference (*Yalta,* Oxford University Press, 1970). If she is right, and it would have been good to have Mee's thoughts on it, then the meaning of Potsdam is somewhat different from the static picture that emerges from his book. Truman's aim at the conference was, in this reading, to reverse many of the understandings reached at Yalta on matters crucial to the Soviet Union. If, as Clemens argues, the Russians were ready to comply with those aspects of the Yalta agreement favorable to the West, then Truman's negotiating stance at Potsdam must quickly have convinced them to abandon cooperation in favor of a tight defensive perimeter in Eastern Europe. "The West," Ms. Clemens concludes, "created its own self-fulfilling prophecy of the dangers and goals of Soviet communism." As opposed to a sense of how things developed over time, Mee leaves us with the impression that the cold war was the only game in town and all players were, from the start, determined to play it out.

ON THE ISSUE of Russian entry into the Pacific war and American use of the atomic bomb to "end" it, Mee is more absolute than most historians. Without commenting on his disagreement with such authorities as Gabriel Kolko, for example, Mee insists that Truman was anxious to keep Russia out of the war entirely, that the bombs were dropped in full knowledge that they were not militarily necessary, and that it "was this last chilling fact that doubtless made the greatest impression on the Russians." To make his case, Mee overestimates the ability of the peace faction in the Japanese Cabinet to deliver a surrender and underestimates American concern for Russian participation in the war. Nevertheless, it is impossible to disagree with his conclusion: "No one likes, or wants to confront, the fact—but it is clear from the events and conversations during the Potsdam conference that the use of the atomic bomb against Hiroshima and Nagasaki was wanton murder."

When he was told about the decision to drop the bomb on Japan, Lord Moran, Churchill's physician, acknowledging that his response was "hopelessly illogical," was deeply shocked. He found himself wandering through the empty rooms of the villa Churchill's party had occupied. "I once slept in a house where there had been a murder. I feel like that here." It is precisely the feeling one has on finishing Mee's book. □

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Mod Masses, Empty Pews

A Month of Sundays
by John Updike
Knopf, 240 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Benjamin DeMott

The themes and feelings—infidelity, the sense of loss—that dominated *Museums and Women and Other Stories* (1972), John Updike's last story collection, weren't items fresh to this fictionist, but here and there in the book new figures surfaced—an electrical engineer hooked on church deaconship, a golf pro with priestly mien. And as it turns out, these were clues to the future: The hero of the author's seventh and latest novel is a lecherous golfing cleric.

Short, amusing, confessional, *A Month of Sundays* consists of diary entries composed by the Reverend Tom Marshfield during an enforced retreat to a desert rest home maintained by his denomination for shepherds who flip. Marshfield's links and poker pals at the establishment include some ministers maddened by mod masses, others who can't stand empty pews. But his own trouble, as indicated, is women. We see Marshfield making out on the nap mats of the Sunday school nursery with, first, Alicia the church organist and, next, a series of unhappy teenagers and matrons who seek psychological counsel from him and are blessed with help of another kind. For a year or whatever (as recalled in the diary), it is a splendid run at liberation; Marshfield simultaneously slays the laity and lays on apocalypse (week by week the man tortures his congregation with God-is-gone theology). But in time the bishop bites the bullet and puts him away—all that is left is to recite the bad deeds, the shrewd strategies, and the questionable anguish in entries in a secret book.

Benjamin DeMott, professor of English at Amherst, is author, most recently, of Surviving the Seventies.

"Fred will be here in a moment. He's changing the batteries in the electric pepper mill."

Novels by John Updike are luxury products, as a thousand reviewers have noted: The exterior trim is burnished, the inside hides are matched, the doors thunk gorgeously behind one, and few travelers feel the road. Unremittingly observant, the creator catches even tiny differences between toilets—flushing action at home and away. His eye for the "speaking" incongruity—chewing-gum wrappers crumpled on the floor of the choir—is acute. As for his way with a metaphor: It resembles that of a compactor with kitchen rubbish. In a trice the miscellaneous welter and muck of social existence is packaged in impeccably symmetrical phrases. (A bearded, pacifist seminarian and a "good, stately" McGoverning housewife become—*pfft!*—"two luxurious blooms on a stalk fibrous with capital and cops.")

WHAT IS MORE, these pages are crammed with loony human news of the age. Why would a minister mock his assistant for delivering a sermon suggesting "that an oligarchy of blacks and Chicanos and college dropouts would come up with a better system than the corporation board of Exxon"? Answer, as provided by Tom Marshfield: Because the minister hoped not to convert the assistant but "to alienate him, so he would be eased of guilt, if moved to sleep with my wife." Who but Updike knows the precise words with which an attractive, distraught suburbanite would respond to a ministerial psychological counselor who dared to call her husband her protector? ("How can you give me," she asks, her voice brittle and true as glass rods, "this middle-class s—? I could get this from my husband.") Nor is such detail mere decoration. Everywhere on the contemporary scene the faithless lead the faithless; the quality of this general experience for leaders and followers alike—the breathless hypocrisy of it, the ceaseless veerings toward, then away from, truth —has an edge of significance; probing clerical insides is a way of showing forth the significance.

But there is a problem, namely, that this author, who knows everything about the age and its tenants, lacks a principle on which to build resistance. He nowhere glorifies corruption or weakness, but nowhere, either, does he discover resources of pride or clarities of discrimination of the kind that unhorse urbanity and shrugging compliance. Church and theology are open doors to his gift, but religion is closed; his "word" charms but

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does not instruct. It is true, of course, that "resistance" in a novelist, if unaccompanied by an instinct for true values, can be simply a show-biz number (morally, Mailer and Updike weigh roughly the same). But time and again in Updike's stories, you feel an aptitude for something better than stylized No! in thunder, a capacity for a more active and earnest address to experience, an interest in playing in other than the sad-song keys, even a trace of moral authority.

An example: Toward the end of the book at hand, Ms. Prynne, keeper of the rest home, Christian believer, woman of conscience, commits an exemplary piece of kindness in the public ways, when confronted by a drunken Indian. (The lady betrays no trace of repugnance, offers the drunk an imaginative explanation of why men in black suits and white bibs should be abroad of a Saturday noon, extends a steadying hand to the chap as he staggers at her side.) Marshfield is touched; in his diary he exclaims:

> How charming you were . . . ! I, watching closely, felt with you your flicker of anticipation, your wish to move him aside so your charges could board the bus, your desire to leave this Indian—your fellow-Westerner—some dignity. Oh, I moved through you, understanding all this and more, and it came to me that love is not an e-motion, an assertive putting out, but a trans-motion, a compliant moving through.

Too swiftly, though, this instant of vulnerability is canceled by embarrassment, succeeded by ironic extravaganza: ". . . only you [Ms. Prynne] are solid, only you have substance; I fall toward you as a meteorite toward the earth, as a comet toward the sun." You hear the novelist telling himself, Easy does it, man, Easy. . . . If I don't quickly recover my feigned absence of earnestness, they'll see, won't they, that it *is* feigned—and what then?

A WRITER PUBLISHING his seventeenth highly readable book deserves to be spared absurd talk about Possibility, Growth, Hope, and the rest. But the Indian bit in *A Month of Sundays* does, as I have to acknowledge, incite sobriety. It tells a reader he or she is dealing with someone who knows the good when he sees it and is unobliged by nature, training, or reputation absolutely to despise it. When you recall, in addition, that the author in question is barely out of his 30s, it's extremely hard not to look ahead: not to wonder whether, sooner than later, he won't be bound to look the thing straight in the eye without winking. I, for one, can't wait. □

Mockings of the Master Illusionist

Tyrants Destroyed and Other Stories
by Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, 288 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Hugh Kenner

Like Oscar Wilde and Charles Kinbote, Nabokov plays—has been playing now for many decades—a game to which self-appreciation is intrinsic. His invented selves even appreciate one another. John Ray, Jr., Ph.D., in his foreword to *Lolita*, tells us how to admire what Humbert Humbert accomplished in the 69 chapters of the narrative proper: "How magically his singing violin can conjure up a tendresse, a compassion for Lolita that makes us entranced with the book while abhorring its author!" Then Vladimir Nabokov, closing the huge parenthesis, supplies for our retrospective delectation in an afterword an inventory of the more magical bits: not the "good parts" of a porn novel—that's the list he's parodying—but Lolita playing tennis, or "the tinkling sounds of the valley town coming up the mountain trail (on which I caught the first known female of *Lycaeides sublivens* Nabokov)."

Ada concludes with a lyrical blurb for itself. The introduction to a reprinted *Bend Sinister* lists allusions no one seems to have noticed the first time around. The introduction to a revised *Speak Memory* prompts us to turn up a sentence deep in the book—"The ranks of words I reviewed were again so glowing, with their puffed-out little chests and trim uniforms . . ."—and discern buried there "the name of a great cartoonist and a tribute to him."

All reviewers, it seems, missed that one. Reviewers—torpid folk, and with deadlines—don't pick up Nabokov sentences one by one, as they're meant to be picked up, or marvel at their iridescences, tap them for false bottoms, check them for anagrams. His only fit reader is finally himself ("it is only the author's private satisfaction that counts"), and the rest of us should wait to speak until we're spoken to—as we are being, constantly, by all those notes and prefaces.

Now on with the motley: *Tyrants Destroyed,* 13 stories scooped out of the past, 12 of them out of his remote Russian-language past when he went as "V. Sirin"; and lo, a foreword apprises us that his *oeuvre* has been accorded a full-dress bibliography and reminds us (cryptically) that he also wrote *Lolita.* The bang-you're-dead reviewer will lower his cocked index and think twice before pronouncing stories so sponsored dismayingly empty, especially as Nabokov has more than once slipped in ahead of him, anticipating doubts but leaving them equivocal.

For instance, the fourth story, "Music," is called in its headnote "a trifle singularly popular with translators." This phrase conceals several false bottoms. Translators fall for my trifles. You are about to read a story that has been—so to speak—around. You are about to see a *real* job of translating ("by Dmitri Nabokov in collaboration with the author"). And since I present "Music" here with a certain amount of circumstantial fuss, including the date of its Russian-language appearance in a Paris émigré daily, you will understand "trifle" correctly; I, who also wrote *Ada* and *Pale Fire*, am entitled to call this story a trifle.

The story? Some 2,000 words about an unmusical man at a concert who spots his former wife and, while they sit silent, 20 feet from each other, must let the music—formerly meaningless to him—shape his reliving of a past he had shut away. Phrases like "How long ago it all seemed!" and "What bliss it had been" and "We can't go on like this" suggest a trifle indeed, unworthy of the master illusionist. Then she slips away, and then the name of the piece of music is revealed: " 'What you will,' said Boke in the apprehensive whisper of a rank outsider. *'A Maiden's Prayer,* or the *Kreutzer Sonata.* Whatever you will.' "

Careful—Beethoven's sonata shares its title with a Tolstoy fiction. Check *that* out, O researcher of the twenty-first century. And Beware of the Labyrinth.

So it goes. These are, generally, trick stories with a twist at the end, of the old-fashioned magazine kind. One—"The Vane Sisters," already several times printed—has an acrostic in the last paragraph, implanted there by two dead girls of whose collaboration the narrator is supposed to be unaware. The headnote apprises us to watch for it. "This particular trick can be tried only once in a thousand years of fiction. Whether it has

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Hugh Kenner's latest book is A Homemade World *(Knopf).*

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come off is another question." (But by prompting us, the sly author has *made* it come off.)

In another, dating from 1926, a lady devil offers a timid voyeur all the girls he shall covet between noon and midnight, gathered and placed at his complete disposal, provided only that the total number be odd. (Trick ending: His tally is 13, but one girl got counted twice.) Nabokov, anticipating groans, passes this tale off as "a rather artificial affair, composed a little hastily, with more concern for the tricky plot than for imagery and good taste." Lest we hasten to agree, he also remarks that it therefore "required some revamping here and there in the English version," readers of which are being spooked into discerning imagery and good taste.

A readier way to profit from this story ("A Nursery Tale") is to discern in its plot, albeit half a century old, the Nabokov Theme full-bodied, a theme that has sustained story after story, novel after novel. A way of stating it, almost but not quite too general to be of use, is this: *A man almost possesses what he seeks, but loses it because of a quirk in the conditions.* (The Tithonus story, or a fairy-tale plot; no wonder it can be made to seem Protean.)

In the story the quirk was simple: The Devil meant an odd number of girls; the man toted up an odd number of encounters. In the novels it is apt to be more complex. The quester changes, or his object (*Lolita*). He becomes enmeshed in a larger design of his quarry (*Pale Fire; The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*). Or the author has contrived an unthinkable exaction; the unpayable price of Pnin's tenure (*Pnin*) would have been service under a long-ago trifler with his fiancée.

The *Pnin* case is instructive. Since this parvenu is also the novel's narrator, unmasking his steely smile in the final chapter, there to dispose of Pnin's destiny much as the author does, he very nearly fuses with the author or with what the author has called elsewhere "an anthropomorphic deity impersonated by me." ("I have finished building a world," says the novelist Sebastian Knight, "and this is my Sabbath rest.")

Those beautiful involuted sentences, which are Nabokov's hallmark, are ways to build a world, not ways to describe one. "Without any wind blowing, the sheer weight of a raindrop, shining in parasitic luxury on a cordate leaf, caused its tip to dip, and what looked like a globule of quicksilver performed a sudden glissando down the center vein, and then, having shed its bright load, the relieved leaf unbent. Tip, leaf, dip, relief. . . ." Between book covers, there is no leaf and no raindrop until the creator has done all that.

And as a narrator who fuses with V. Nabokov effects the destiny of Pnin, so what *happens* in these big and little worlds is what V. Nabokov has decreed shall happen, right down to the passage of an "inquisitive butterfly" across a tennis court in "Champion, Colorado," between Humbert Humbert and Dolores Haze, in a paragraph all to itself.

It is he, Nabokov, who is Humbert's "McFate"; he (not a dead girl) who planted the acrostic in "The Vane Sisters"; he who arranged the arithmetical misfortune of the timid voyeur; he who has equipped such a roster of his creatures with faulty hearts and decreed that the heart of Ivanov in the story "Perfection" should fail when it did (for particulars, see the story). Grown bolder, he

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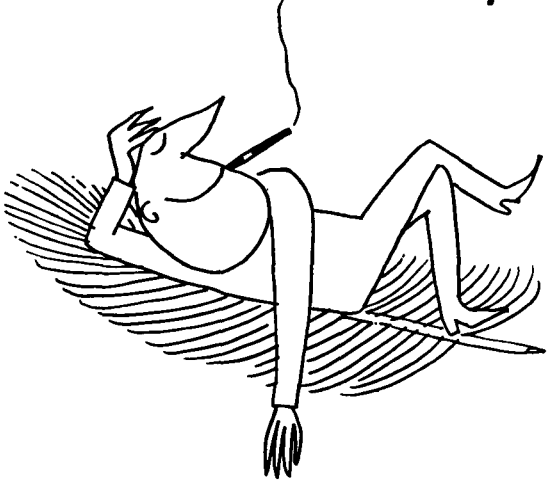

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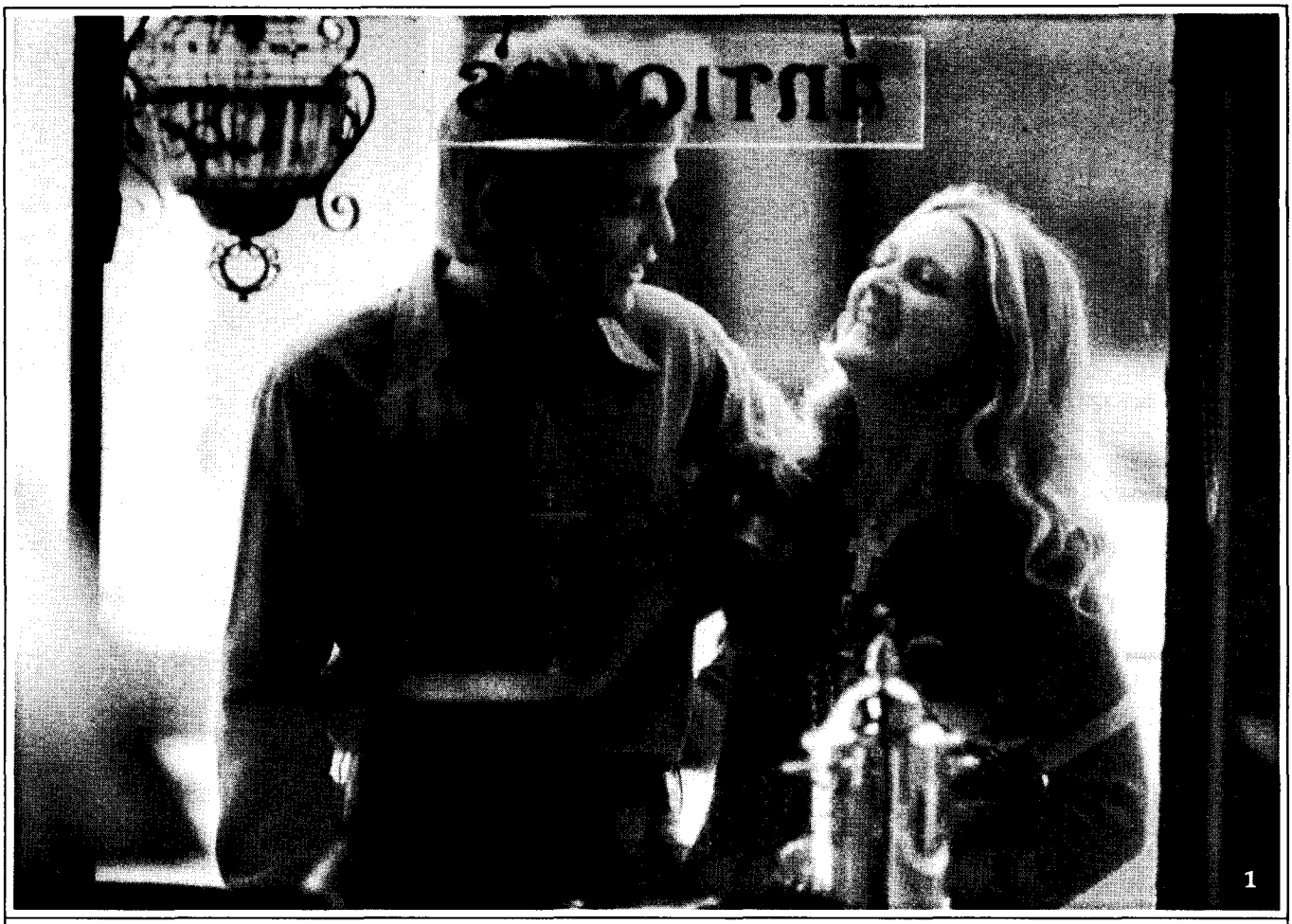

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These pictures are just a sample of what is waiting for you in British Columbia. 1. One of many intriguing shops that can be found throughout the Province. 2. Long Beach on Vancouver Island, 11 miles of unbroken beach on the Pacific Ocean. 3. The Williams Lake Stampede. Dozens of rodeos take place all summer long in British Columbia's cattle country. 4. An outdoor restaurant in Gastown, the original settlement of British Columbia's largest city, Vancouver. For more pictures and lots more information write: British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2. Or see your local travel agent.

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has re-created space and time: The spaces and times of *Ada*, where old Russia's hegemony includes the North American continent, and where *Anna Karenina*, as though written by a counter-Tolstoy, opens with a sentence exactly inverse in sense to the sentence the earthbound Tolstoy wrote. Meddling with the future also, it is he who gives instructions to a twenty-first-century scholar (who will surely obey them, if he shall happen to exist).

It is he: That is what all the self-appreciation is really about. It is also why the stories in *Tyrants Destroyed* are so empty: the slight amusements of "an anthropomorphic deity," arranging small systems, like chess problems, to suit himself.

This deity will allot himself, say, 3,500 words, and will contrive within that limit to place the lost wife whom Luzhin is seeking on the very train where Luzhin works as a waiter, and have them not meet, have him even not find the ring she lost in the diner, have him go through with his plan to kill himself while the train bears her away toward Cologne. "A Matter of Chance," it's called. Chance is seldom so hollowly neat. No, a better title would be "The Whims of Nabokov," iron whims.

By a fraudulent deity's tricks, he contrives to keep patterns trim within narrow limits. To the deity responsible for your life and mine, the minimum intelligible system appears to be the universe itself, and excerpts have a certain random look. Sensing this principle, V. Nabokov now inclines to refer every excerpt to its universe, which is The Complete Works of V. Nabokov. That is what is really going on in *Tyrants Destroyed*: less the promotion of some negligible stories than their careful assignment to year and month and room and weather and journal, the reinvention of an aspect of the author's past, a pendant to *Speak Memory*.

For his chief work is finally himself, as it was Hemingway's, as it was Huysmans's. Joris-Karl Huysmans (1848–1907) is a *point de repère* Nabokov's appreciators seem to have shunned. Contemplators of *Ada*'s lush verbal jungle (now sleeps the nacreous petal, now the gules) might adduce with advantage the creator of Des Esseintes, whose tortoises were bejeweled, and who tired of flowers, and indulged in artificial flowers, and then tired of those and sought out real flowers so exotic they could pass for artificial. □

Black Man's Burden

The Conservationist
by Nadine Gordimer
Knopf, 252 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar

More than Doris Lessing, a fellow South African who is a bit too much of an English *yenta* for my taste, and even more than Alan Paton, who has been rather quiescent of late, Nadine Gordimer has become, in the whole solid body of her work, the literary voice and conscience of her society—and how I wish I could say this about any contemporary American novelist. In the sense of being a completely South African writer and insisting on remaining there, Ms. Gordimer is a "regionalist." But her region is really the whole Third World, to which she has increasingly dedicated her literary work.

The hero of *The Conservationist* is Mehring, a wealthy, civilized South African businessman who has made a fortune in pig iron and who has bought himself "a little farm" in the Transvaal for his weekends. By cleaning up the rundown place, by cultivating it intelligently, by taking good care of the blacks who come with the property, Mehring has persuaded himself that he is a "conservationist" who is helping the whole economy, the whole society, to maintain itself.

The fact that he can also bring his mistress down there without notice, that he can write off the farm as a tax loss, and that he really enjoys "returning to the earth" are additional benefits in Mehring's mind. And he is really quite a decent guy. He is liberal enough to tolerate a much more radical mistress (who keeps reminding him he is superior to other "pig-iron merchants"). And "his" black slaves do respect him for taking such good care of their land. As you can see, Nadine Gordimer's irony has grown even heavier in this novel than it is in earlier ones, and her South African love affair is harsher and more devastating—and there is less human content. But the sense of the land, the landscape, the animals, the seasons—and of the native black population—is as true and accurate and vivid as ever.

The novel starts out indeed as an "idyll" of Mehring's farm and of his escape from the tedious and empty South African social life that has come to bore him—while the novel's central love affair is already part of his past. On the farm he is alone with himself at long last—and that is his downfall. When he is at the very peak of his material content and joy, of his spiritual peace and pride in being "a farmer," his black supervisor, Jacobus (who really runs the farm), informs him that a murdered black man, one of "them," has been thrown upon his property. And that nameless black corpse, which the police simply hide in a shallow ditch on Mehring's property, remains there in the novel to haunt him, and in the end to drive him off, in sheer panic, from his beautiful, peaceful farm.

As IN ALL of Ms. Gordimer's works, the farm's blacks are described beautifully. She has a fine grasp of the language they speak—both among themselves and to their masters. She knows their customs, habits, superstitions, holiday ceremonials, and tribal rituals. And she sees right through the deceptive masks they wear for their dealings with the whites and even with the Indian settlers in South Africa: All this is no mean achievement for the sheltered South African English girl of good family that Nadine Gordimer was at the outset of her career. Poor Mehring! His "black family" on that idyllic and demonic farm of his are far more interesting than he ever realizes. Beside the blacks' tribal and communal richness, which is never sentimentalized or patronized in Gordimer's work, the whites of the chronicle emerge as very pale and alienated individuals indeed.

Mehring's wife has divorced him and returned to the United States. His son—whom the blacks seem to cherish more than he does—is reading textbooks on gay liberation. Mehring's mistress, who subtly changes from "radical" to do-gooder liberal—the reverse of Ms. Gordimer's own career—is happiest when she is taunting him about his capitalist and imperialist mentality. Against all this

Maxwell Geismar is a literary historian and critic whose most recent books are Mark Twain: An American Prophet, *a critical study, and* Mark Twain and the Three R's, *an anthology of Twain's radical thought.*

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interplay of personalities, Ms. Gordimer presents some beautifully satirical scenes of high society in urban South Africa: The vehicle of Mehring's final undoing is a cheap and whorish white working-class girl who, he suddenly realizes when she is trailed by the police, may not be white at all.

I am not suggesting that *any* white South African writer can really penetrate the black African consciousness. For that we may have to await the native black artists of that continent, who are historically about to emerge and tell their story. But what Nadine Gordimer brilliantly here describes once again is a terrified white consciousness in the midst of a mysterious and ominous sea of black humanity. "They" always seem to know more about Mehring than he knows about them; "they" are so concerned about him, so aware of him, so solicitous of his slightest needs and whims; "they" bow down so politely before the white masters who have inherited their earth—that earth which they have never lost in their deepest depths, which belongs to them, and which they will surely one day claim as their own again. And "they" are dangerous.

This mix of feelings is evoked beautifully in the novel, with that wealth of human detail that only a fine novelist can share with us. As things stand, Nadine Gordimer is one of the very few links between white and black in South Africa. She is a bearer of culture in a barbaric society. And she is a luminous symbol of at least one white person's understanding of the black man's burden. And it is somehow only natural that this "white person" should be a handsome and graceful, brilliantly talented, and most sophisticated literary lady. □

New Books

Celebration

by Harvey Swados
Simon & Schuster, 348 pp., $8.95

This posthumous novel takes the form of a diary kept by 90-year-old Samuel Lumen, a lifelong radical crusader for children's rights and educational reform now tempted just to sit back and accept the celebrity being conferred on him by the liberal Establishment. Into the comfortable routine, the complacency of Lumen's old age, comes a young man named Seth Fox, who is—Lumen cannot be sure which—either his son or his grandson. Seth is affiliated with an organization called the Children of Liberty, a group of "idealistic" young people dedicated to making the nation's Bicentennial the occasion for reawakening that revolutionary American spirit which over the years has been all but obliterated by an obsessive, bovine, and life-negating materialism. Seth is also concerned with reviving Lumen's own political fervor, which, as the young man sees it, the nonagenarian has begun to sacrifice to the spurious position and prestige being granted him by the powers that be.

Seth's presence in the Lumen household gives rise to a great deal of squabbling and overwrought discourse on New Left verities versus old; the dialogue in these passages is so dreadful that it seems at times more than anything else to be a parody of itself. So much of *Celebration,* in fact, is devoted to everything that is tedious and banal in the rhetoric of radicalism that it is not possible, even with the most willingly suspended disbelief, to take seriously its pervasive concern with matters political.

Still, the book is not entirely given over to ideological pontification. Although its several secondary characters tend to remain rather two-dimensional, the portrait of Lumen himself—querulous, cantankerous, terrified by the debilities attendant on his great old age—is an affecting one. Despite an occasional tendency to unconvincing sentimentality, Lumen's own steady concern for children serves, for the most part movingly, to articulate the novel's exploration of parenthood as the primary principle of continuity and meaning in human experience. When, as it does from time to time, *Celebration* focuses carefully on the substance of Lumen's troubled inner life, it achieves an animated and textured coherence that makes one regret, rather than merely disdain, the many moments of self-indulgent and melodramatic attitudinizing that seriously weaken the novel as a whole.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

The King's Indian

by John Gardner
Knopf, 323 pp., $8.95

All but two of the stories in this collection of John Gardner's shorter fiction

"I like the one about the time you fouled up the subscription-list computer at Saturday Review."

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are cast in specialized literary forms—fairy tales, allegory, sea yarns, gothic horror stories. One, a conglomeration of philosophical horseplay and sociological satire, entitled "Queen Louisa," tells a tale about a queen who can turn herself into a toad, the members of her court into sheep, and her chambermaid into a princess. Another—"The King's Indian," a short novel that closes the volume—describes, à la Poe, Coleridge, Melville, and at least a half-dozen others, a fantastical sea voyage on a ship held in thrall by workers of black magic. "The Warden," intentionally indebted to Kafka's parables, details the beleaguered efforts of a prison functionary to stave off chaos and collapse in a situation where prisoners who have never been accused of any crime rot away in dungeons, and the warden keeps himself barricaded behind locked doors and refuses to appear.

The first thing that strikes one in a reading of this and others of his derivative writings is Gardner's sly and exuberant affection for his literary models, coupled with his own meticulous craftsmanship and inventiveness. After a while, though, one begins to suspect that underneath all the razzle-dazzle and the fancy footwork rather less may be going on than meets the eye. Whether Gardner is in fact "celebrating" (as he puts it) the writers he imitates or merely playing around with them, his achievement suffers by the comparison; his piecemeal allegorical and symbolic schemes, lacking intelligible structure, come more and more to resemble, rather than to illuminate, the metaphysical mystery land through which he journeys. Only rarely in this collection—in the short story "Pastoral Care" and from time to time in "John Napper Sailing Through the Universe"—does Gardner, working in a realistic vein, seem on the verge of finding his own voice, of dispensing with his self-protective and pyrotechnic eclecticism, of reaching for his own level of stylistic excellence. These two pieces are not, as it turns out, his most charming, but they are the most seriously ambitious, disciplined, and successful. J.L.C.

•

The Permanent War Economy: American Capitalism in Decline

by Seymour Melman
Simon & Schuster, 384 pp., $9.95

Professor Melman's premise is, quite simply, that the United States has had a military-operated economy for the past 30 years, and, as a consequence, our decline as an economic and industrial power is now obvious. It all began when the depression of the Thirties seemed to be solved overnight because a maniac named Adolf Hitler tried to conquer the world, and we leaped from a peacetime economy to a wartime economy and have never turned back.

We have, in other words, disregarded President Eisenhower's incisive farewell address, in which he warned of a takeover by an industrial-military conspiracy. We thought that war brought prosperity, but what has come to pass has had, according to Seymour Melman, a negative effect. Unintentionally, the U.S. economy has come close to stagnation because we have spent so much time and treasure on non-productive use of labor and capital, trying to keep the war economy alive. Doing so, we have neglected such vital items as good transportation and communications—and a sound currency.

It used to be an economic cliché that a nation could have either butter or guns. We in the Western world have chosen to disregard this by continuing our $80-billion-a-year military spending in what is, at least legally, peacetime. So many American communities now depend on government contracts for military projects that the political clout in Congress is often overwhelming. But when we manufacture bombsights instead of telephone parts, we end up with industrial stagnation and paralysis, and that, says Professor Melman, is where we are headed, if we are not already there.

One difficulty with this otherwise telling book is the author's tendency to oversimplify. Our public transport, utilities, and energy sources did not fall apart wholly because we were in a quasi-war economy and military priorities got the upper hand. All the same, Mr. Melman makes his basic points well and is, as always, a useful man to have around. The mirror he has been holding up has never shown an uglier military mask than it does now, and his logic is unbreakable.

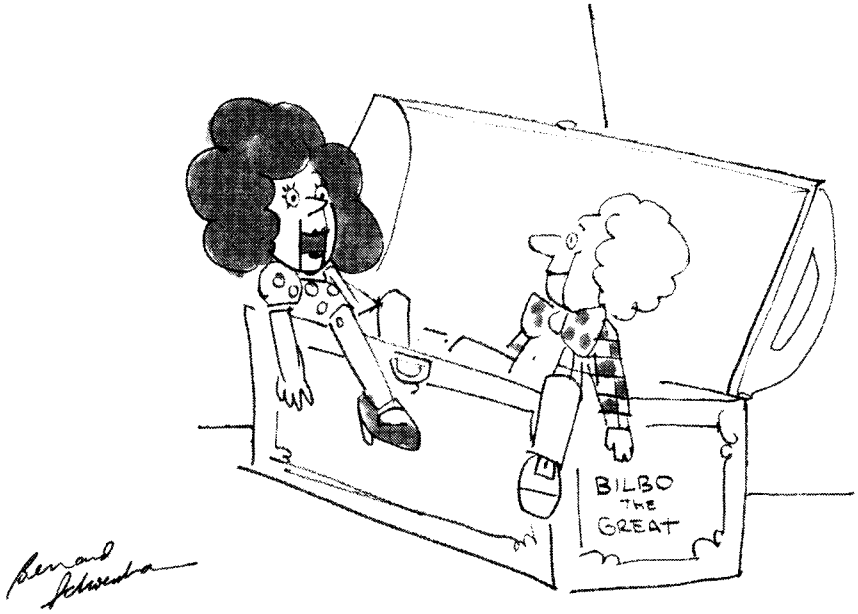
RICHARD L. TOBIN

•

Living Quarters

by Vincent Canby
Knopf, 240 pp., $6.95

Film critics who write novels are often suspected of trying to enter the world of filmmaking through the back door. In Vincent Canby's case, let us dispose of the suspicion. His first novel, although it begins with an act of violence, soon turns into a recounting of the life, loves, and schizophrenia of a madcap heiress from the Midwest. Daisianna, the lady in question, moves from suburban Chicago to both American coasts, to a Swiss ski resort, to a sanatorium in Connecticut, to Paris, and to an island in the Dutch West Indies, where she disposes of her aristocratic French-born husband with an elephant gun. We also meet one of her early loves, Jimmy Barnes, who later becomes her lawyer; *his* wife Cleo; and an assortment of decadents given to perverse sex acts. Daisianna is a truly lost lady, and as she wanders through the



"I'm sorry. I'm spoken for."

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Forties, Fifties, and Sixties, deteriorating all the while, her family and friends deteriorate with her in their peculiar and special ways.

Mr. Canby's prose is flat and dry, glinting now and then with satiric, disenchanted humor. The book's method is that of remembered gossip, told in monotone, but not monotonously. Little in the way of sympathy is allowed any of the characters—so careful is the author in keeping any sentiment or unseemly emotion from coloring the tale. All incidents of the past, he seems to be saying, have the same weight in memory, whether it be a failed movie actress who takes her life or a jaded Frenchman who suffers the embarrassment of a dog's suddenly urinating against his leg. The text might have been taken from Ecclesiastes: All is vanity. Yet Daisianna, caught in offhand glimpses that add up to a portrait, emerges as memorable, as does an aspect of America that no longer knows where it is going. Mr. Canby doesn't reach for very much with his first novel, but what he gives us is done with professional care and an amused appreciation of the not always lovable quirkiness of his characters.

HOLLIS ALPERT

•

Life Among the Playwrights

by John F. Wharton
Quadrangle, 336 pp., $15

John Wharton's first case as a young lawyer involved an actor being sued by a motion-picture studio for spending $3,000 of the studio's money for "a night" with the then-popular starlet, Jeanne Eagles. From then on, Wharton's legal career was dominated by show-business clients, first in Hollywood, then in New York. Fortunately for theater buffs, he has decided to confine himself, in *Life Among the Playwrights*, to reminiscences of his years as legal counsel, script-reader, critic, general adviser, and friend to The Playwrights Producing Company.

Formed in 1938 by Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Sidney Howard, and Elmer Rice, the company was designed to produce their plays and the work of other writers they considered innovative, giving the playwrights more control over their own productions and freeing them from manipulation by ruthless, profit-motivated producers.

Life Among the Playwrights is primarily valuable as a document of the times, from the late Thirties through the McCarthy era and up to June 1960, when the company was dissolved. Wharton's memories read like a *Who's Who* of theater: He reminisces about Ingrid Bergman, Kurt Weill, Lotte Lenya, Garson Kanin, Helen Hayes, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Audrey Hepburn—the list seems to go on forever. Wharton recalls the appearance, in Behrman's *No Time for Comedy*, of a little-known actor named Olivier and the discovery of another virtually unknown young talent—Marlon Brando—in Maxwell Anderson's *Truckline Cafe*. He re-creates George M. Cohan's embarrassing, ad-libbed exit at a posthumous production of Sidney Howard's *Madam, Will You Walk?*, when Cohan pulled an American flag out of his pocket and danced off the stage, utterly out of character. And he remembers an extraordinary performance of Sherwood's *The Rugged Path*, starring Spencer Tracy, when the audience swarmed down to the first row instead of back to the lobby during intermission, in order to ogle a fellow spectator, Katharine Hepburn.

In his description of The Playwrights Performing Company, Wharton reveals a good deal about the personalities and offstage wit of the writers with whom he worked. A typical business letter from S. N. Behrman, for instance, reads: "Next to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern there is no one that I would rather deal with than the Shuberts. They are charming." One might only wish that Wharton had included more information of a personal sort about the company's members.

Yet the glimpses he does give of the playwrights' concern for one another, their ability to overcome personal differences and to offer one another support and constructive criticism for so many years, suggest that The Playwrights Performing Company was a rare example of human cooperation among extraordinary individuals, as well as a unique experiment in theatrical collaboration.

BARBARA MACKAY

"Herb, what are we now—middle class or upper middle class?"

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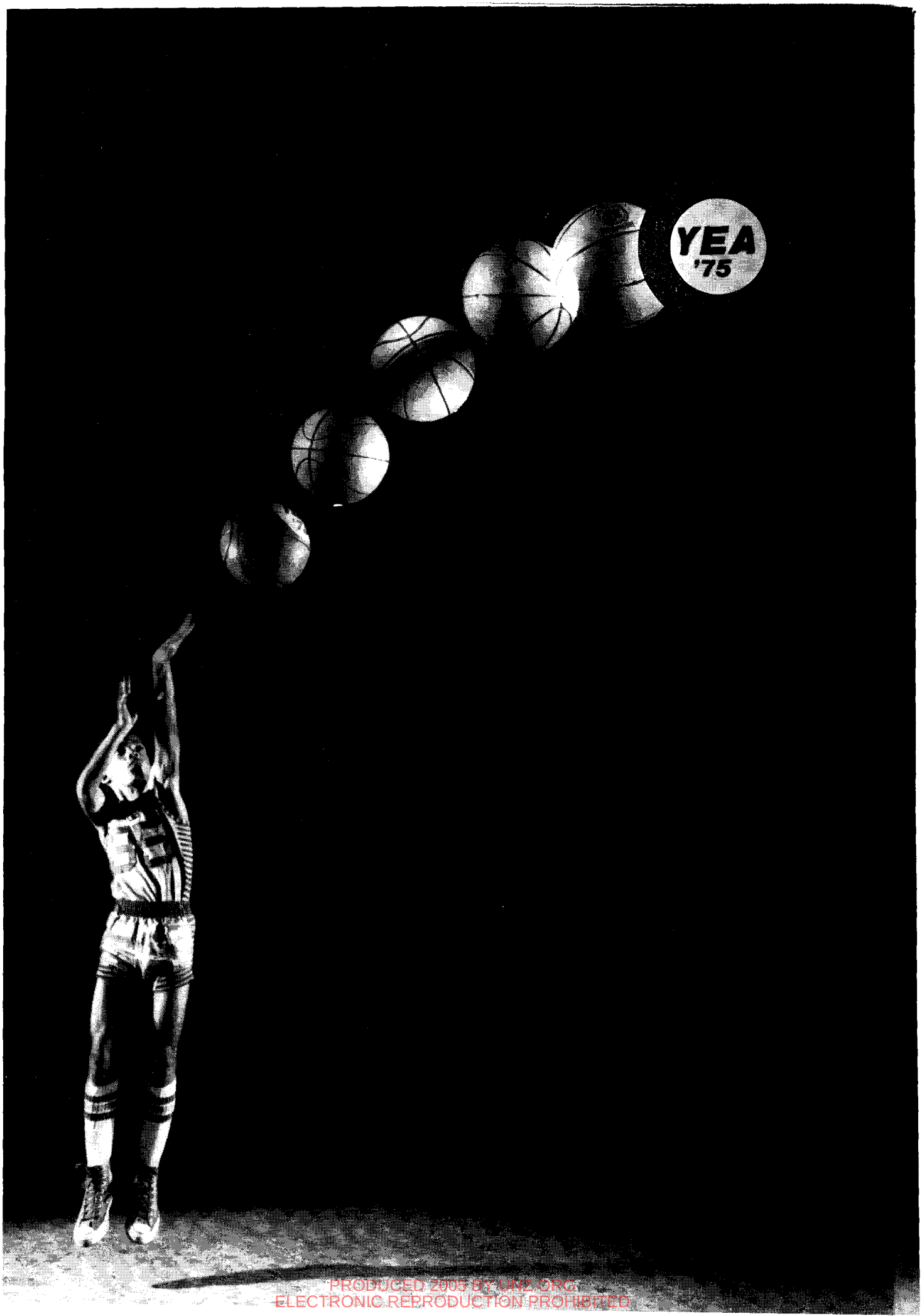

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Secondborn

Louise Glück, our only umlaut poet, is an attractive 31-year-old woman who lives in Vermont when she is not teaching at the University of Virginia. Her earlier book, *Firstborn*, made quite a stir when it appeared in 1968. Now here's her second, *The House on Marshland* (Ecco Press/Viking, March 1, $6.95). She's generally of a gloomy disposition regarding human affairs but has an intimate alliance with nature. A poem, "Here Are My Black Clothes":

I think now it is better to love no one
than to love you. Here are my black clothes,
the tired nightgowns and robes fraying
in many places. Why should they hang
useless
as though I were going naked? You liked
me well enough
in black; I make you a gift of these objects.
You will want to touch them with your
mouth, run
your fingers through the thin
tender underthings and I
will not need them in my new life.

First Simenon

Among the many, many things I've never done is read a book by Georges Simenon; I've turned my back on detective stories except for Raymond Chandler, Dashiell Hammett, and Michael Innes, who give you a little something along with their puzzles. But a new Simenon came in, and why not be a well-rounded man? It's *Maigret and the Loner* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Wolff, March 5, $5.95), and I spent a pleasant two hours with it. Murder of a mysterious derelict in Paris, and the great chief superintendent of criminal police gets on the trail. You learn a lot about police methods and get to like Maigret, who is not above sneaking a beer or two more than the allotment given him by his doctor, and who is beautifully fed by Mme. Maigret: "They had leg of lamb, which was pink and juicy, with the merest bead of blood forming on the bone." Very much like a good American *policier*, except for things like "[Inspector] Janvier was the only one whom he regularly addressed with the familiar *tu* . . ." and "He would have claimed that it was a *crime passionnel* and gotten off with a light sentence." The translation by Eileen Ellenbogen reads like cream, but I wonder what is the original French for "it knocked me for a loop."

Beat, Beat, Beat

The beats are back! Here, out of Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady, with overtones of Nelson Algren, comes *The Frisco Kid*, by Jerry Kamstra (Harper & Row, April 23, $7.95), a long novel about "kerouacking" around San Francisco's North Beach in the late Fifties and early Sixties. Mr. Kamstra's multitudinous characters are colorful as hell, but they're all losers: pushers and users, petty thieves and immoralists. What little money they make comes from selling dope, unloading produce trucks, and, interestingly, poaching abalone. They just can't get it together. Mr. Kamstra is in love with his city: "On top of Nob Hill we strolled hand in hand, looking at the city below. After midnight San Francisco looks like a bed of coals burning softly in a grate. The black perimeter of the bay defines the city and warmth emanates up from the lights." But, goodness! The language they use, the buggy places they live in, and the sexual goings-on! Kind of interesting. Here's some arcane information:

The minute I walked in, Groovy whipped out a joint. He took a swift toke and handed it to me. I've never seen a guy so fast on the draw. If North Beach were the Old West and joints were Colt .44s, Groovy would put Shane to shame. As it is, he can sniff out, grade, score, manicure, roll, and smoke a joint faster than any other ten cats on the set. Groovy's specialty is rolling tight little numbers the diameter of a needle (part of his New York scarce-grass legacy) that if you suck too hard on will slip down your throat. More than once I'd dropped a Groovy joint and spent an hour trying to fish it out of a floor crack. Groovy's proud of his rolling ability, though, and even when he has weed to spare he always rolls his Harlem Toothpicks, he calls them. Next to Patrick Cassidy, who was born and bred in a weed patch and who rolls joints the size of small whale turds, Groovy's are the most famous joints on the set. Show me a head's joint and I'll tell you who he is.

Paper Pleasures: Brand and Bright

The Bicentennial (yawn) is fast approaching, and, as the phrase goes, "what more fitting" than to have a book of the earliest American ballads, *Songs of '76*, subtitled *A Folksinger's History of the Revolution* (M. Evans, March 14, $4.95), put together by the indefatigable Oscar Brand, who isn't tired yet after 55 LPs, 75 industrial films, and thousands of radio and TV programs. Lyrics, melody line, guitar accompaniment, and learned notes to 60 songs, the only universally familiar one being "Yankee Doodle," given, authentically here, as "Yankee Doodle Doodle Doo." By now Mr. Brand has forgiven the British, and he has songs from both sides, some with such catchy titles as "Come Shake Your Dull Noodles," "Begone, Pernicious Tea," and "You Simple Bostonians."

Speaking as one who could never find his way through Providence, R.I., on Route 1, I am frightened by *Maze Book: Puzzles for Everyone*, by Greg Bright (Pantheon, April 1, $2.50). Mr. Bright, a young Englishman, took a year digging a maze in a field near Glastonbury and is currently making a hedge maze with bridges and underpasses for one Lord Weymouth at Longleat. He's drawn 34 mazes for the book, all hard, some of which resemble plates of spaghetti, others knitting instructions, and yet others the more pernicious forms of modern art. If you like being frustrated, this is for you. *Mazel tov*, Mr. Bright. □

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American Ballet Theatre: At 35, Lustier Than Ever

by Walter Terry

They came with great talent and great love, cherished memories and great expectations, to celebrate a thirty-fifth anniversary. What is so important about 35? you may well ask. Why not wait until 50? Until a golden? Because in American dance, every year of survival is cause for thanksgiving; every decade of accomplishment is reason for celebration.

Next year, the Bolshoi Ballet marks its two-hundredth anniversary; the Royal Danish Ballet is even older; and today's Paris Opera Ballet traces its ancestry back to 1661, when Louis XIV founded the first ballet academy. But the American Ballet Theatre is so proud of reaching—against almost insurmount-

Martha Swope

Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith—"A standing ovation from the audience," and from New York City, "the highest cultural award, the Handel Medallion."

Puppet ballerina in Petrouchka*—Miss Chase, a dancer 35 years ago.*

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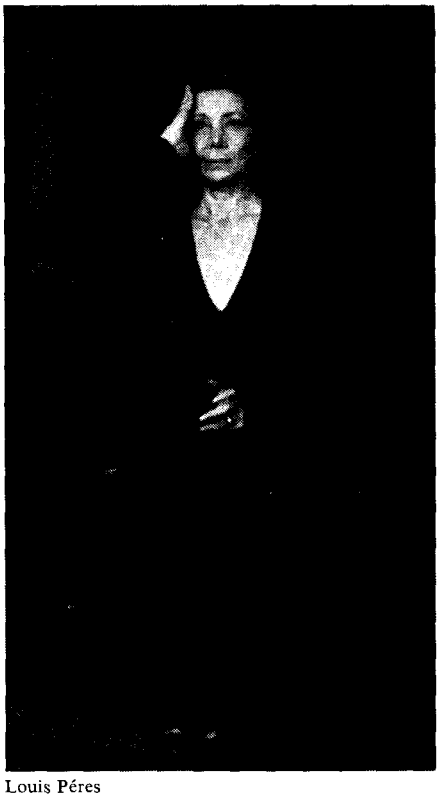

Louis Péres

Nora Kaye in Pillar of Fire*—A triumph three decades ago, an ovation in '75.*

able financial odds—its thirty-fifth birthday that the company, the illustrious alumni, the fans around the world, and the press are as excited as if the occasion were indeed a bi- or tri-centennial.

A truly dazzling birthday gala was held on January 11 in New York's big, somewhat crummy, but affectionately tolerated City Center 55th St. Theater, and the street became the scene of a combination block party and riot as ticket-holders (some paid $500 a seat at this benefit) and ticket-pleaders gave mounted police a rough but cheerful time.

The audience accorded Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith, the company's co-directors for 30 years (Miss Chase was its co-founder with the late Richard Pleasant, and its patroness from the start), a standing ovation as they came down the aisle. Later, at intermission, each received New York City's highest cultural award, the Handel Medallion. The gala program itself, directed by a charter member of The Ballet Theatre (as it was originally named) and one of today's most popular Broadway choreographers, Tony Award–winner Donald Saddler, was also a winner. It was swiftly paced, not overlong, and it interwove the brilliance of A.B.T.'s current dancers with the wonderful radiance of yesterday's returning alumni.

I cannot tell you all that occurred, just some samples. The company's newest acquisitions, the dazzling Mikhail Baryshnikov and the lovely Gelsey Kirkland, were there to knock 'em in the aisles with that virtuoso blockbuster, the *pas de deux* from *Le Corsaire;* Natalia Makarova and Ivan Nagy stirred the nerve ends with the short and zestful *Spring Waters* and stirred the heart with the tender *pas de deux* from Kenneth MacMillan's *Concerto.*

The troupe's resident American *prima ballerina,* Cynthia Gregory, linked the past to the present by dancing the *Rose Adagio* from *The Sleeping Beauty* with four cavaliers: two greats from the past, Igor Youskevitch and André Eglevsky, Scott Douglas of the recent past, and the current Gayle Young. (Seventy-year-old Anton Dolin, one of the great *premiers danseurs* of yesterday, staged it.) And then Miss Gregory danced the seduction-scene duet from *Miss Julie* with the retired Erik Bruhn, except you would never have guessed that this slender, boyish man doing double air-turns and high leaps has retired. (Bruhn received the ovation of the evening.)

That brilliant teenager Fernando Bujones (he can match almost any physical feat that Baryshnikov can accomplish but does not yet have the style and polish of the older lad—Baryshnikov is 26), Buddy Balough, and Terry Orr were the three sailors in an excerpt from Jerome Robbins's *Fancy Free,* and as they finished, three gentlemen in evening dress came on stage and executed a step or two—they were the original sailors: Robbins himself, John Kriza, and Harold Lang. Leonard Bernstein, who had composed it, took a bow, and Oliver Smith, who had designed this history-making ballet, was, of course, out front.

Agnes de Mille's *Three Virgins and a Devil* got under way with Miss de Mille herself (in evening gown) dancing the opening measures of the role she once played, and with old-timer Yurek Lazowsky cutting capers as the Devil. Then there was the incredible moment when the curtain rose on the opening of Antony Tudor's first ballet made in America, *Pillar of Fire,* and there on stage was Nora Kaye, who had received 26 curtain calls at the premiere at the old Metropolitan Opera House, had become a star overnight, and was hailed as the world's first "dramatic ballerina," a rank coined to describe her powerful art.

Dolin and Baronova in Bluebeard*—The public remembered fun in the Forties.*

Miss Kaye, in evening gown, danced, and her magic went undimmed. Miss Chase came on as the Eldest Sister, a role she (a superb dancer-actress) had

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created, Tudor himself crossed the stage in the part of the Suitor, and Hugh Laing thrust his pelvis forward with hypnotic lechery as he had three decades before. In another Tudor excerpt, Laing, in work pants and a sweat shirt, did Romeo's entrance, and the gorgeous Sono Osato made the bit part of Rosaline a miniature treasure, as she had done at the premiere. Yes, the current artists—Eleanor D'Antuono, Ted Kivitt, the upcoming Marianna Tcherkassky, the gifted Kirk Peterson, Sallie Wilson, and the other regulars I have mentioned—were all skillfully united with their dancing aunts and uncles, grandparents even.

THE WALK-ON FINALE? I cannot name them all. But there one saw Karen Conrad, who had literally soared across the stage (to gasps that echo to this day) in the opening *Les Sylphides* on the initial program; the beautiful Miriam Golden; the glamorous Maria Karnilova, a starring actress on Broadway; Irina Baronova (one of the legendary "Baby Ballerinas" of the Thirties), who has not been in America for 23 years; Leon Danielian; Eugene Loring, creator of *Billy the Kid,* and—oh, I want to list them all, but I can't. Absent were Alicia Markova, recuperating from an illness in London, and another great Alicia, Alicia Alonso, unable, because of some kind of political foolishness, to come from Cuba to the company that presided over her rise to international fame. All of us, the dancers and this critic (one of my first reviews as the dance critic for the *New York Herald Tribune* was the account of the debut of The Ballet Theatre on January 11, 1940), recorded a tape with our messages of memories and love to Alonso.

And in the front row of the orchestra, as they had been 35 years earlier, were Kathleen and Leo Perper, who never missed a Ballet Theatre season, never failed to give a helping hand to Kaye, Karnilova, Saddler, Alonso, and the others when they were impoverished *corps* dancers and who were even known to fly in from a vacation in Bermuda or the Bahamas to attend a Ballet Theatre matinee and then fly back to the tropics for dinner!

No other American theater company, I dare say, has enjoyed such loyalty from its members past and present and from its patrons over so many years. Why?

The American Ballet Theatre possesses a very special, indeed unique, attraction for all performers. On more than one occasion, it has seemed like a mecca for defectors. Makarova chose it for her principal showcase. So did Baryshnikov. Valery and Galina Panov have asked to dance with A.B.T. (the offer was declined), and Rudolf Nureyev wanted to add it to his conquests (he, too, was politely refused). Several seasons ago, Nagy, who had defected from Hungary, left Washington's National Ballet and a short stint with the New York City Ballet to become a major figure with A.B.T.

Martha Swope

La Sylphide—*Cynthia Gregory as the airy creature sought by Fernando Bujones in the woodlands, and, as the Scottish lads and lassies, Peterson, Hughes, Tippet, Smith (back row), and Blaisdell, Roberge, Shibata, and Ashton.*

Why? Because those leaving the U.S.S.R. and other Socialist countries could find two opportunities that no other company could offer in the same full measure: security and adventure. Security in that those trained in traditional ballets could continue to display their particular excellences in *Giselle, Swan Lake, Coppélia, La Fille Mal Gardée,* and the like, along with familiar *grands pas de deux,* the ballet versions of excerpted operatic arias. And adventure in mastering new techniques, new styles, new rhythms for new roles. Almost all defections were motivated not by political reasons, but by aesthetic ones. Makarova wanted to dance, say, *Pillar of Fire,* among other modern ballets, and not, as might have happened in Leningrad, *Giselle* for the rest of her life. A.B.T. permits her to do both, and we are the richer for having her truly incandescent art in both areas.

Baryshnikov electrified us immediately in *Don Quixote* (the *pas de deux*), *La Bayadère,* and other classics he had long since conquered and reproduced with his great personal splendor. But he had his greatest triumph in a ballet he had never danced before, Roland Petit's *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort,* staged by the American Ballet Theatre many years ago and revived especially for Baryshnikov as the heir to its spectacular originator, Jean Babilée. A.B.T. also engaged for him the new partner of his choice, Gelsey Kirkland, who defected from George Balanchine's New York City Ballet in order to dance with Baryshnikov and also in order to serve her own ambitions of becoming a ballerina, a rank forbidden by the N.Y.C.B. chiefly because it is Balanchine's policy (and his right) to view dancers as instruments for the reproducing on stage of his choreographic images and not as highly individual personalities—with idiosyncrasies and loved by audiences—which dominate the stage.

The American Ballet Theatre is equally rewarding for homegrown tal-

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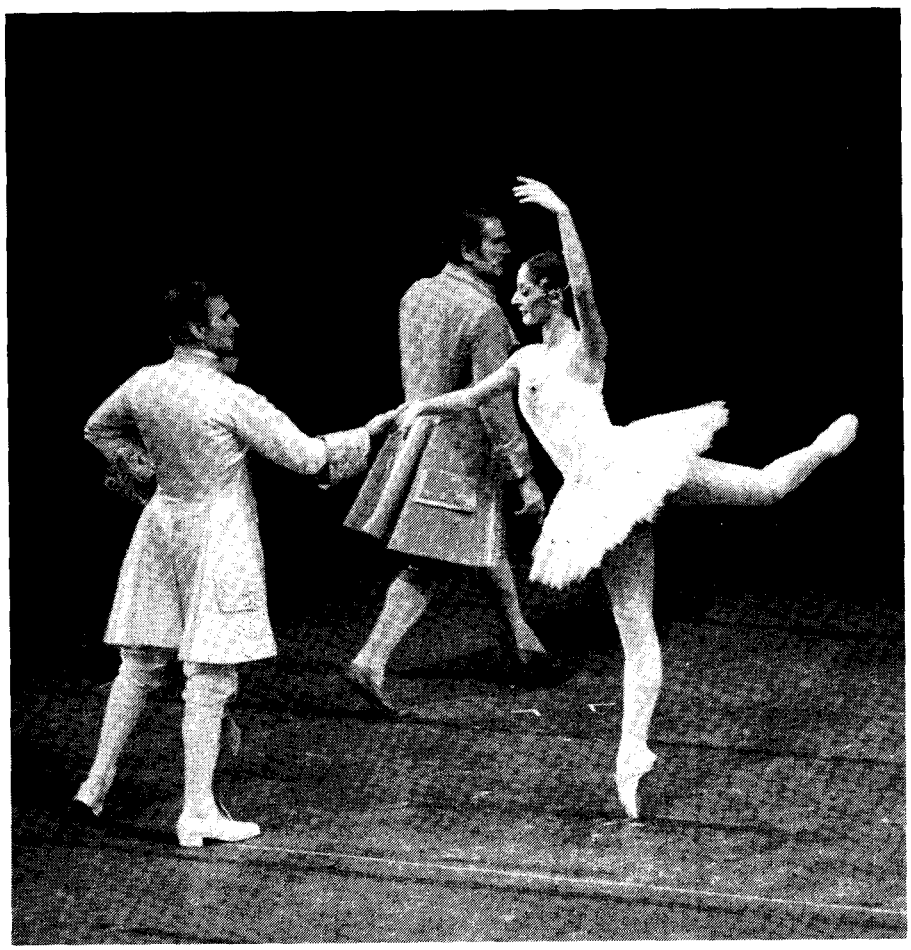
Randolph Swartz

The "dazzling" defector, Mikhail Baryshnikov—"Electrified us immediately."

ent—in all areas of dance accomplishment, modest as well as stellar. Cynthia Gregory, for example, rose from *corps* to ballerina rank in a year, roughly the equivalent of going from army private to general, and soon thereafter became a *prima ballerina*—that's a general with four stars. (The rare *prima ballerina assoluta*—there are two in the world today, England's Fonteyn and Russia's Plisetskaya—would rate five stars.) And look what Gregory has! *Swan Lake, Giselle, Coppélia,* those classics that are the "test" ballets that determine which girl is a ballerina and which is merely a soloist. In Tudor's *Lilac Garden* Gregory has been successful in two contrasting roles, the hard and bitter ex-mistress and the tender, vulnerable heroine. In *The River* she dances to Duke Ellington; in José Limón's *The Moor's Pavane,* she is a Desdemona whose movements are pure modern dance, the antithesis of classical ballet; in the corny and circusy and wonderful *Grand Pas Classique,* she is a fantastic virtuosa in the straight balletic sense. My God! In what other company would a ballerina in her mid-20s find such opportunities?



Martha Swope

Cynthia Gregory—"Linked past and present by dancing The Rose Adagio *with four cavaliers; two of them greats from the past, Youskevitch and Eglevsky."*

Of great value also is the handsome and brilliant Michaël Denard. He is frequently a cavalier of Gregory's when he visits A.B.T. from the Paris Opera Ballet.

Let's take a non-star, probably someone who will never become a principal, at least not as a virtuoso. Frank Smith is a *corps de ballet* dancer, but he is not just a cipher. He is good in the *corps*, he is attractive as a demi-soloist, and he's proved to be a first-rate actor as Hilarion in *Giselle*, a difficult role in which the player must be an antagonist but not a villain, and Smith is one of the best Hilarions I have seen. He's valuable to A.B.T., and A.B.T. is important to his particular range of performing. And Hilda Morales, Warren Conover, Kim Highton, and Charles Ward are certainly eminently worthy of fostering.

Another example: Marianna Tcherkassky is not a ballerina yet. Will she be? She is an adept soloist and a personable performer. The A.B.T. repertory is giving her a chance to work upward and to find her niche, and ballet-goers take pleasure not only in her performances but also in her constant progress.

Young Clark Tippet is very tall. It is a problem to get those long legs under control, but with a good teacher when he was a child and good teachers now, he is making it so well that Miss Chase is beginning to give him assignments that carefully further his career. He is just out of his teens, and his promise is very real. Bujones, the American teenager who won us a gold medal at the prestigious International Ballet Competition in Varna last summer (*SR/W*, October 19, 1974), is already an audience favorite, as is the gifted Bonnie Mathis.

In spite of a record of fostering native talent on all fronts, the directors of the American Ballet Theatre are occasionally taken to task for engaging celebrated defectors. Miss Chase would have been a fool, as a producer, to let any other company get either Makarova or Baryshnikov, for they are not only valuable box office but also artists of world stature. Dame Ninette de Valois,

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when she was director of Britain's Royal Ballet, was also knuckle-rapped when she engaged Rudolf Nureyev a decade ago, but she retorted tartly that it was her job to see that the Royal had the best. The team of Fonteyn and Nureyev did, in truth, act as a depressant on other members of the Royal Ballet, but Dame Ninette, with her magical pair, presided over a magical decade in ballet history.

Nagy, though a defector, made his jump long enough ago to be one of the A.B.T. gang today. The arrival of Baryshnikov did not edge him out. Not by a long shot. This past season, everyone awaited a Makarova-Baryshnikov *Giselle*. No one was disappointed—it was a brilliant occasion. But the miracle had occurred the preceding night when Nagy had played Albrecht to Makarova's Giselle. It was one of those occasions when inexplicable sorcery was at work. The two were as one in their evocation of romantic tragedy, in their realization of dance beauty—yes, in the sublimity of their danced poetry. They knew what had happened; and when the curtain fell, they did not look at us. I am not at all certain they knew we were there. They looked deeply into each other's eyes and they kissed softly, almost reverently, as if in awe of what had transpired. We, the watchers, knew that we had been favored by that magic which is never planned, which is unpredictable, which happens.

Martha Swope

Ivan Nagy, Natalia Makarova—"Stirred the nerve ends . . . stirred the heart."

ALL OF THESE EXPERIENCES—the gala, the star performances, the promise of junior artists, the opportunities of dance adventure in the world's greatest ballet repertory—are due to Richard Pleasant, who had the dream of ballet as theater, of American ballet that cherished the past and explored the present in order to assure the future, and to his partner, Miss Chase.

For many years, Lucia Chase was criticized by many who said, "What does she know about directing a company?" Whatever she does or doesn't know, she has guided the American Ballet Theatre to a peak as high as any ever reached in the ancient annals of dance. Many have given her a tough time, but as Miss de Mille said at the gala, underneath the well-bred New England exterior there is "pure granite."

Oddly enough, even after 35 years of discipline and dedication, Miss Chase is subject to far from kind remarks. Two major choreographers, a generation apart, who had their first opportunities and triumphs under her patronage still seem to resent her part in their careers and are exceedingly rude to her (but that simply represents their peculiar hang-ups), and others get exasperated with her casting of roles, her toughness at contract time, her occasional evasiveness. There is also, inevitably, that resentment which some hold for a wealthy person and an aristocrat—she is both. But she is also loved because she is "Lucia," not "Miss Chase," to her dancers, because on tour she stands in line on payday (she is a dancer and a union member), and because, although she is a grandmother, she goes on rigorous tours and asks for no special accommodations. She's the boss. She's an employee. She is also a servant who has been faithful in body, mind, money, talent, determination, patience, spirit, grit, and "granite" purpose, to the American Ballet Theatre for 35 years.

There are some who seem to think Oliver Smith might possibly be a figurehead co-director. Don't you believe it. Miss Chase consults him on all matters. His decisions are quick. His anger, when roused by inefficiencies, is quicker. Mistakes do not recur when he has issued orders.

Lucia and Oliver and A.B.T. What a triumvirate! The Thirty-fifth Gala Anniversary now passed, I asked Miss Chase about the future. The next 35 years? Since dancers often sail into their 90s, the question was not just a casual cliché. But Lucia Chase is a planner. She knows what she has done, what she is doing, and what she hopes to do. "I promise you right here and now a fortieth anniversary. I won't look beyond that until we get there." And she'll be there, all right, along with her rare combination of granite will and a tender mother-love for the company.

In the *New York Herald Tribune* for January 12, 1940, in the days when I was referred to as "the boy critic," I started my report with "The Ballet Theatre is a new theater baby and a lusty one." We are both much older now. I won't speak for myself, but I will tell you that the American Ballet Theatre, at 35, is lustier than ever—Miss Chase did right by that very special baby. □

Editor's Note: The American Ballet Theatre is currently on a national tour, which opened in Los Angeles, continued in the San Francisco area, and will reach, among several cities, Portland, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

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Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

Harder Times

Vittorio De Sica died on November 13, 1974. The great director of *Shoeshine, The Bicycle Thief,* and *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* left as his last film *A Brief Vacation.* It won't be regarded as his best, but it certainly reminds us that De Sica, for all the elegance and courtliness of his own lifestyle, had a continuing concern for the inhumanities of organized society. But the ironies inherent in *A Brief Vacation* are almost too heavy. Clara, a factory worker in Milan, burdened with children and an unemployed husband, develops tuberculosis, upon which the state takes over and sends her to a mountain sanatorium, where, for two months, she has the time of her life. Once recovered, she returns to her miserable family existence. The moral is clear: In today's Italy being ill is far preferable to being healthy.

The script, appropriately enough, was written by Cesare Zavattini, who was De Sica's collaborator on his best films. Yet there is a slightly old-fashioned air to the story. It's more the kind that used to be written in the golden days of Italian neo-realism. Those were the days of a then-new film conscience, of social awareness and concern for the ordinary man. De Sica and Zavattini typified the movement at its peak during the late Forties and early Fifties. Many of the actors were non-actors; dubbing became a new Italian art. Life was seen more or less as it was, but the filmmakers made sure that events and situations were manipulated enough to engage our sympathies and emotions.

The method remains pretty much the same for *A Brief Vacation.* Clara is a handsome woman, a poorly educated Neapolitan who has a dreadful job—handling a blow torch—and an even worse home life—a complaining mother-in-law, a brutish husband recovering from an accident, and a treacherous brother-in-law, all living off what Clara manages to bring home each week. Naturally, we're for anything that will get Clara out of her drudgery, and we almost welcome, as she does, the illness that will take her to the mountains for a state-paid rest cure.

The sanatorium is clean, white, comfortable, staffed with devoted personnel, and, best of all, filled with the kind of interesting people Clara never met at home. One is a café singer, living out her last days in florid style; another is a model, mistress of a rich married man; and there is Luigi—wan, pale, handsome—with whom Clara falls in love. But wait! Isn't this *too* much of a contrast with the city existence? Aren't we getting something of a soap opera rather than a drama? The neo-realism of previous decades seems here to have turned artificial and simplistic. Still and all, this is a nice film to see. It *is* infused with De Sica's humanistic touches, and the acting is, on the whole, restrained and good. Florinda Bolkan's Clara is particularly admirable; Renato Salvatori as the crude husband is entirely believable. And, at the end, De Sica makes sure that Clara, and the audience, are returned to grim reality.

Florinda Bolkan in A Brief Vacation—*"A dreadful job . . . a worse home life."*

IN THESE TIMES of uncertainty it is at least of slight comfort to know that if a Neil Simon play appears on Broadway, it will, within a reasonable span of time, show up as a film. So it is with *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* of several seasons ago. The film, though it is largely comedic, has gained some relevance because of current events. Mel, of the play, felt things were falling apart all around him in his apartment on upper Second Avenue in New York City. The stewardesses in the apartment next door kept him awake at night with their amorous adventures; the air conditioners gave off too much chill; when windows were opened, the street noises headed straight up as though the building were a sound conduit; sometimes the elevators failed and the water wouldn't run. Then losing his job at the age of 48 and being imprisoned in the middle-class hell-hole was just too much for his reason to withstand.

When the play was written, the country was in a mild recession; the movie comes along with that recession deepened, inflation skyrocketing, and unemployment mounting, thus giving Mel's plight a wider significance. And it's not quite so much of a joke. Almost as though realizing this, Mel Frank, the producer and director, has gotten an anguished performance from Jack Lemmon as Mel and a sensitive one from Anne Bancroft as his wife, Edna. These formerly comfortable people, their two daughters grown, are suddenly faced with the collapse of their existence as they know it. Everything, just about everything, goes wrong. The apartment is burgled, the new color television set taken, along with Mel's clothes and his best bottle of Scotch. The woman on the terrace upstairs throws water on his face when he shrieks out his nerve-strained complaints. You're never quite sure whether it's funny or not, and maybe this is because Mel Frank doesn't play the lines for sharp laughs but lets them fall without undue emphasis.

One thing he does do is to keep the action moving smartly along, and, expert director that he is, he gets nicely chiseled performances from Gene Saks as Mel's concerned older brother and from Elizabeth Wilson as a less concerned older sister. The compass of the story may be small, but what is given to us is made to work as entertainment with a certain amount of bite. □

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

FILM NOTES

Stardust. The rise of rock and rock stars in the Sixties is chronicled in this British film which stars actor-singer David Essex. What lifts it far out of the rock ruck is the sharp, honest way in which the whole mad scene is detailed. The film has deliberate echoes of the careers of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Donovan, and such; but the composite character created by Essex has its own validity, and his abilities as performer and singer add to the reality of the portrayal. Rock star Jim MacLaine starts small, then moves through one-night stands, recording celebrity, on to the big time in the States, and eventually to drugs and breakdown. Accompanying him on his raucous journey is a faithful manager (Adam Faith) and an American entrepreneur (Larry Hagman). Michael Apted, the director, makes the chronicle vivid rather than lurid. One doesn't need to like rock to like *Stardust*.

Report to the Commissioner. Somehow this screen version of the successful crime novel by James Mills doesn't work too well on film. Michael Moriarty portrays the rookie detective who unwittingly kills a policewoman so nervously and tremulously that one feels he's about to have a breakdown at any moment. This is due to either bad casting or poor direction. Susan Blakely is better as the undercover narcotics detective, and Yaphet Kotto is first-rate as a hard-bitten old hand on the New York police force. The screenplay does follow the novel quite carefully, but director Milton Katselas isn't able to make the material very convincing on the screen.

The Nickel Ride. A low-keyed crime story of the kind that doesn't usually do well at the box office. Reminiscent of Peter Yates's film version of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, it has a similar grimy, believable atmosphere and more character-building than suspense. Jason Miller plays a kind of shady middleman between a crime organization and his local turf, but times are changing, and the organization is streamlining, thus making Miller obsolete. And what that means is that he isn't going to live much longer. Becoming aware of this, he plays a cat-and-mouse game with an associate who might be his eventual killer. Robert Mulligan, the director, is a bit chary about letting the audience know just what is going on while it's going on, and the film is more difficult to follow and get involved with than it ought to be. Crime-story fanciers might like it, though, for it is out of the ordinary run.

H.A.

Four Gentlemen of Japan

Koichiro Harada, Kikuei Ikeda, Kazuhide Isomura, and Sadao Harada are not a pennant-winning infield of the Tokyo Giants or members of a relay team whose impressive track record promises well for them at the Montreal Olympics in 1976. They are young enough to be either, but old enough, artistically, to give Japan what it has never had before: a string quartet on the highest international level. One session with them recently in Carnegie Recital Hall, where they are playing a four-part series this winter, leaves no doubt that, wherever you may be, the Tokyo String Quartet is not only worth hearing but worth making an effort to hear.

It is well known to musicians who travel, and even to those who don't, that the appetite in Japan for Western music is almost beyond satisfaction. Decades ago, Jascha Heifetz spent a month in Japan, during which he played a dozen recitals. Every one was sold out. Records that are impossible to find in circulation elsewhere are still readily available in Japanese catalogs. Discophiles have not forgotten that the first recording ever made of Haydn's "The Seven Last Words on the Cross" emanated from the Tokyo Academy under the direction of C. Lautrup in the Thirties.

Were that enterprise to be repeated today, the soloists might again bear such names as T. Kurosawa, H. Tanji, S. Sonoda, and T. Itch. It is more than likely, however, that the conductor would not be imported from Europe, but a native son aflame to emulate the worldwide success of Japan's best-known musical export, Seiji Ozawa.

Ozawa is a prime example of a Japanese incursion into a new musical field, but only the most recent in a long line. Even before World War I, Tamaki Miura was admired as one of the best of Butterflys, followed not long afterward by Hizi Koyke. The Metropolitan's current Atsuko Azuma is a capable Nedda in *Pagliacci* and has proved herself able to compete—to the limit of her physical resources—with Americans and Europeans. If no Japanese pianist has yet attained international fame, there has been a steady stream of excellent violinists, of whom Yoshio Unno and Mayumi Fujikawa (a recent soloist with Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra) are now current.

The apt question is, of course, If Japan has demonstrated, through the mass-indoctrination procedures of Shin'ichi Suzuki, the ability to produce string players of the quality of its touring Toho ensembles, why has it not previously produced a top quartet? To judge from the success of the Tokyo String Quartet, it has been for lack of the catalytic body to provide the input required for the necessary chemical change.

The body was not one but two: Robert Mann, leader of the Juilliard Quartet since its founding in the mid-Forties, and its longtime violist (now engaged in other musical work), Raphael Hillyer. They spent part of a Japanese tour in 1966 conducting a chamber-music workshop organized with assistance from the U.S. State Department. Among those who presented themselves from the Toho Gakuen (School of Music) were three string players trained by Prof. Hideo Saito (a onetime student of the great cellist Emanuel Feuermann). They were so typical of the school's productivity that two of them had made the 1964 American tour with the Toho String Orchestra. By acts of international cooperation and personal devotion heartening to know about, and well worth dwelling upon, all three are now members of the prize-winning, top-rated Tokyo String Quartet.

They became the special charge of Hillyer (perhaps because he has a Japanese wife), who saw in them musicians not only with the technical command to aspire to high goals but also possessed of the desire and the discipline to concentrate those goals in chamber music. A year or so later, Sadao Harada (cellist) and Kazuhide Isomura (violist) were invited to spend a summer at the Aspen Institute in Colorado, where they played in the Festival Orchestra and continued to study with members of the Juilliard Quartet. They were offered, and they accepted, positions in the Nashville Symphony Orchestra in order to underwrite their stay in America and to continue their studies.

The following summer they were

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Tokyo String Quartet—"New quartets, like some wines, should be sampled young, before the bloom is off the taste."

joined in Aspen by Koichiro Harada (unrelated to Sadao, except musically), who is now the quartet's leader. By 1969, all three were enrolled at the Juilliard School as students with three of its well-known string pedagogues: Ivan Galamian, Dorothy DeLay, and Paul Makanowitsky. With Yoshiko Nakura (a female violinist who had studied with Makanowitsky when he was a guest instructor at the Toho) as second violinist, they entered and won the Coleman String Quartet Competition in Pasadena, Calif., in April 1970. Four months later, after intensive, eight-hour-a-day work on repertory with Hillyer, they entered the International Chamber Music Competition in Munich and won the only first prize awarded.

Since then, between recording sessions and study and repertory building, it has been one concert hall after another. These concerts included, in 1973, a homecoming to the celebrated Osaka Festival as the "world renowned" Tokyo String Quartet. Miss Nakura left the quartet to live in Belgium in 1973, and the second violinist is now Kikuei Ikeda. For the present, New York is their home base: Each player lives in a different suburban area, the better not to allow personal lives to interfere with professional commitments.

In the first recordings to come my way, the effortless purity of the playing of Mozart's C-major ("Dissonant") and B-flat ("Hunting") quartets was both an immediate and an abiding pleasure (see *SR*, February 22, 1975). At the most recent Carnegie Recital Hall program, the C-major Mozart led off, followed by Bartók No. 3, and the Brahms B-flat. Here was a measuring rod, readily at hand, to assess the reality of the recorded standard and to relate it to other aspects of the literature.

THE FIRST AFFIRMATION was that the DG recording neither exaggerated nor misrepresented the quartet's phenomenally fine sound. It is a curiously international compound of Japanese (Toho) and American (Juilliard) training and four fine old Italian instruments (Amati is the revered name of their maker) on loan from the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C. Additionally, the disk did not overstate the finesse, the freedom, or the finish of its Mozart performances.

"Its" Mozart, rather than "their" Mozart, comes automatically. Although leader Harada is audibly the most brilliantly gifted of the players, the effort is such a totality—so continuously, unfailingly integrated—that the four men (the oldest is 30) can be thought of only as an entity. The transitional third quartet by Bartók was clearly and purposefully performed; the Brahms B-flat (the lightest in texture and mood of his three quartets) somewhat less so. It tended to be a little light-headed as well as lighthearted. The only deviation in the "live" playing from their recorded standard was a little negligent handling of the bow at a chordal conclusion, brushing in a tone that wasn't meant to be there.

All fine quartets take pride in "playing the repertory"—striding across the decades and the schools and the styles from year to year. But even the finest quartets have a center of tonal gravity, a composer (perhaps two or three, if they are of the same epoch) to whom they return with the greatest affinity. To the great Budapest Quartet it was, without question, Haydn-Beethoven; to the Amadeus, Schubert; for the current personnel of the Juilliard, a period closer to the present than was true in its first form. The big, robust sound of the Guarneri Quartet flourishes in late Beethoven, especially in the "Grosse Fuge" in contrast to the Soviet Beethoven Quartet, which plays Shostakovitch with greater identity than it does the works of the composer whose name it bears.

For now, the playing of the Tokyo Quartet is centered in the Mozart literature, not at all a bad place for a young quartet to be. It is a base on which to reach out for everything else and also one to return to from anything else, with no sacrifice of identity or injustice to an indispensable repertory.

NEW QUARTETS, LIKE SOME WINES, should be sampled young, before the bloom is off the taste and fresh ways have settled into habits. My advice to those in the cities and the college towns where the Tokyo Quartet is booked this year is, Hasten to go while it still has the option of playing in Carnegie Recital Hall in New York City, or the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., or The Hudson River Museum in Yonkers, N.Y., or intimate surroundings in Reston, Va. That is, while it is not required to pretend—for good monetary, if no other, reasons—that the Kennedy Center Concert Hall is as suitable a place to hear a quartet as the auditorium in the Library of Congress. □

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The Politics of (Amplifier) Power

by Ivan Berger

The hi-fi industry has always been distinctly leery of policing itself. So at last the Federal Trade Commission has moved in to end the most blatant of hi-fi advertising abuses by mandating a single, industrywide standard for stating amplifier power. The resulting rule has been met with cheers and howls —both justified.

The standard is long overdue. Ten years ago I wrote in *SR* how a given amplifier could be rated, for advertising purposes, at any of eight different power levels, from 17.5 to 109 watts. Shortly thereafter, new and more ingenious twists made it possible to list the same amplifier as delivering about 158 watts. While traveling to testify at an F.T.C. hearing four years ago, I read an ad for a complete stereo phonograph delivering "40 watts of peak power" for $99.95, at a time when it cost $50 *more* to buy a cheap but decent 35-watt amplifier alone: The difference was that the 35-watt amplifier was actually about two and three-quarters times as powerful as the 40-watt phonograph and offered less distortion and a wider frequency range.

Now, the prime power specification used in advertising both cheap phonographs and expensive amplifiers must be *continuous power per channel*, measured with all channels operating. The distortion level and frequency range ("bandwidth") at that power level must be stated, too. Other ratings, such as music power (a useful supplementary measurement), can also be listed, but less prominently.

To its credit, the industry has largely supported the F.T.C.'s move to adopt this stringent rule. But it is to the discredit of both the industry and the F.T.C. that there is a joker hidden in the rule, one which will hurt some consumers' interests while it helps none: the requirement that, before testing, "the amplifier shall be preconditioned by simultaneously operating all channels at one-third of rated power for one hour, using a sinusoidal wave."

The F.T.C. deserves discredit on two counts: first, for inserting this clause into the last of the several otherwise near-identical drafts of the rule that had been circulating for five years; and, second, for not calling attention to it. The industry's error was in not plausibly and completely protesting the new clause during the time allotted for comment by the F.T.C. There were murmurs here and there: But without proper explanations, the F.T.C. could shrug these off as the soreheaded mutterings of unscrupulous obstructionists. A bit late, the hi-fi press (chiefly *Stereo Review*) sounded the tocsin, and both Dynaco and Phase Linear have entered formal protests. So the rule may be changed or reinterpreted.

But why changed? The requirement of an hour of one-third-power operation sounds modest enough: An amplifier that can deliver 90 watts of power should, it would seem, be able to coast easily at 30 watts. But a typical 90-watt, solid-state amplifier often can't. Such transistor amplifiers run least efficiently at just about that power point. They convert more electricity into heat and less into sound than they do at full power. So, during that hour of "preconditioning," the amplifier will have to dissipate a lot of heat, lest its transistors cook.

For low-power amplifiers, there is no problem. They use their metal chassis as heat-sinks for dissipating the heat: These chassis are more than big enough for any amount of heat their circuits can deliver. But for the bigger amplifiers, there is more heat to be dissipated. This process requires special finned heat-sinks. Such heat-sinks, especially in moderately priced high-power models, are built to handle the amount developed in normal use, not the quantity that results from such extended preconditioning.

JUST WHAT IS "NORMAL"? My meters tell me that I have often run my 60-watt-per-channel amplifier at just about one-third power without developing heat problems—yet the manufacturer of that amplifier assures me that it would not pass the F.T.C.'s preconditioning test. Fundamentally, there is no real contradiction: When music is played, "one-third power" is an *average* figure for a wave-form that fluctuates continually from note to note, in addition to drifting from *piano* to *fortissimo* and back again. With a continuous sine-wave signal, the amplifier never strays into cooler operating regions: With a musical signal, it operates in those regions most of the time. In seven years of usage at every volume level, with speakers of widely varying efficiency, I've yet to cook a transistor or even feel the amplifier becoming uncomfortably warm.

Thus, the F.T.C.'s preconditioning requirement poses a tougher test of an amplifier's thermal capacity than it is likely to encounter in real life. If such thermal stress were an actual, real-life problem—all to the good. But, as a check with a service-shop manager and several manufacturers confirms, it is not.

To pass this unrealistic test, some manufacturers would have to choose one of three alternatives: increase their amplifiers' thermal capacity, adding to cost but not to performance; pass the test by adjusting their thermal cut-off circuits to accept the extra heat, but lessening protective action; or list a lower power specification, thereby putting themselves at a competitive disadvantage and opening the possibility that the customer may buy a speaker that is able to handle the advertised output, but not give him the benefit of the real power it contains.

"In rating amplifier power output," said F.T.C.'s William Dixon four years ago, "there seems to be agreement that we should all play by the rules. But the question is, Which rules?" The question is now settled—but not to everyone's satisfaction. Perhaps, if we're lucky, it may be resettled, soon. □

Ivan Berger, a longtime contributor to SR, *is electronics editor of* Popular Mechanics.

WIT TWISTER NO. 41
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 59.

Long since, man leaped the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ bar;
His ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ well may reach some star.
And yet for ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ he learns to kill,
And ancient ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ worships still.

Contributed by A. V. Dufaux, Houston, Texas

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Theater

by Henry Hewes

Albee Surfaces

Edward Albee has long been concerned with the ways things come to an end. And most of his plays suggest that the American way of life has had it. In 1971 he presented us with a despair-ridden drama of conversations around the bed of a dying man, called *All Over,* and it was hard to see where the brilliant pessimist could go from there.

Yet now, some four years later, he has surfaced again with a Broadway play (which he also directed) called *Seascape.* The title suggests both that the play takes place on a beach and that it deals with escape from or into the sea. Indeed it does. The entire first act is a conversation between Nancy, a middle-aged, affluent wife who urges her retired husband, Charlie, to take up again his childhood hobby of submerging himself in water and sitting there as long as he can. He declines and wants only to rest and do nothing. Nancy warns him that they are in danger of letting their minds go dim and slipping into a canasta-playing retirement, which she wittily labels "that purgatory *before* purgatory." In despair she asks, "But is this what we've come all this way for? Had the children? Spent all this time together? All the sharing? For nothing? To lie back down in the crib again? The same at the end as at the beginning? Sleep? Pacifier? Milk? Incomprehensible once more?" Samuel Beckett or the Edward Albee of *All Over* would have nodded a gloomy "Yes." But now Albee seems to be looking at Charlie and Nancy as representatives of an unsatisfactory civilization.

Albee seems to be suggesting that the real solution is for our civilization to recognize its failures and somehow to feed our experience into the evolution of a new and better species.

On a more comic level—and *Seascape* is a comedy—Albee can celebrate the wit and compassion with which this civilization deals with its dissatisfactions. For instance, Nancy tells Charlie that there was a time in their marriage when she felt that he had turned his back on her and she suspected it was another woman —"not prettier, even maybe a little plain, but unencumbered, or lonely, or lost." Charlie denies it, but Nancy reveals that her wise mother had once told her, "If he doesn't do it in the flesh, he'll think about it. One night in the dark if you listen hard enough, you'll hear him think the name of another woman, kiss *her,* touch *her* breasts as he has his hand and mouth on you. Then you'll know something about loneliness . . . you'll be halfway to compassion. . . ." "The other half?" Charlie asks, and Nancy replies, "Knowing how lonely he is." Charlie escapes from this heavy truth with a humorous confession that once while making love to her he had pretended that it was a previous time with her when it had been particularly good.

And so with wit and insight Albee dallies through the first half of his play, content merely to delineate these two drifting members of a growingly feckless species. Although there is a lack of dramatic urgency, Albee's random speculations delight the mind, for they are written with an exquisite concern for the careful use of language.

There is in this first act, however, an indication from Charlie that they are not up to facing the glaciers and the crags, which may mean that they no longer feel that they can cope with the trauma of vigorous living, or that the next Ice Age will destroy man, leaving the world to a new form of evolution, in which life will again try to emerge from the sea. Actually, of course, this process will take millions of years. But in the theater it can happen with the speed of imagination. Accordingly, the first act ends with the startling appearance of two sea creatures.

Fortunately for the playwright, these two lizard-like animals can speak English. They have ordinary names (Leslie and Sarah) and turn out to be more monogamous by instinct than their human counterparts are by religious and legal contract. Although they lack tools, art, and an awareness of their own mortality, they seem to have a passionate caring for each other that is more sensitive and more considerate than what most humans practice. There is much fun in Charlie and Nancy's trying to explain human customs to the animals, and Sarah and Leslie are particularly baffled to hear that we keep our offspring with us for 18 years. A serious crisis is created when Charlie cruelly makes Sarah aware that some day Leslie will die and leave her to live on without him. This is too much for them, and they decide to return to the sea. Charlie and Nancy tell them that they'll have to come back sooner or later, and they urge the creatures to stay and let them help them adapt to life on land. Leslie challenges them, saying, "All right. Begin."

This ending seems to say that the human race should use its retirement years to teach future civilizations how to acquire its virtues and avoid its mistakes. This positive thrust, and the compassion out of which it arises, allows *Seascape* to emerge as a benign comedy, without forcing the author into a renunciation of the scathing views he has expressed in his previous plays.

Albee has directed *Seascape* as if he understood the playwright's intent. Yet his unusual casting of the play has resulted in some slight incongruities. As Nancy, Deborah Kerr brings a proper British attitude to the role of an American housewife. And Barry Nelson's perennial boyishness seems at odds with Charlie's world-weariness. On the other hand, they both are excellent at keeping a comic tone in a play that is in great danger of slipping into a sober realism that its slight plot cannot support. But the outstanding performance is by Frank Langella as Leslie. Mr. Langella is wonderfully amusing in the moments when he expresses, with lizard-like movements, a startled bafflement at the strange human ideas he is hearing. And he is intensely moving when he becomes angry at Charlie's insensitivity. His response—"don't you talk to me about 'brute beast' "—pierces the separation between man and animal.

James Tilton's setting—some large-scale sand dunes—makes the actors seem smaller in contrast, an appropriate thing in comedy. Fred Voelpel's lizard costumes and facial make-up patterns are imaginative and beautiful, and they have just the right accent of absurdity. They enhance a unique comedy—one that gives us more to think about than any other of this season's new plays. □

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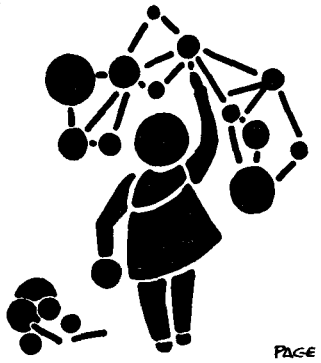
SR Education

All the Children?

The American commitment to universal education has usually been interpreted to mean that all of the nation's children shall have reasonable access to education—and the compulsory-education laws in the District of Columbia and 49 of the 50 states are predicated on the assumption that it is in the public's interest to see that its children are educated. During the Sixties, notable for the thrust toward equal educational opportunity, it was assumed, in addition, not only that all children should have access to schooling but also that the education made available to them should be of roughly comparable quality.

Perhaps we have always known that the rosy rhetoric about universal free public education was only partly true, and we have closed our eyes to the fact. But, increasingly, in recent years, child-advocacy agencies fighting for the rights of children have pricked the conscience of the nation, and slowly changes are coming. Most recently, the Children's Defense Fund (1746 Cambridge Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138) has documented in stunning detail how far short we fall of our brave words about universal education and equal opportunity. The Defense Fund's report, *Children Out of School in America,* charges that an analysis of 1970 census data shows that nearly 2 million children, from 7 to 17 years of age, were not enrolled in school; over 1 million of them were between 7 and 15 years old; and more than three-quarters of a million were between the ages of 7 and 13. But a survey of more than 8,500 households in 30 areas plus interviews with hundreds of school officials and community leaders convinced the Defense Fund that the children counted as non-enrolled by the census "reflect only the surface of how many children are out of school in America."



The problem is a complex one affecting children in every part of the country and representatives of every race, color, and economic level. Not surprisingly, the burden of exclusion from school falls most heavily on the poor, the blacks, the non-English-speaking—those who are "different," who do not fit the white, middle-class mold. In some cases the reasons for non-enrollment are simply a matter of economics—the inability to pay for books, school fees, lunch, transportation, and even decent clothing. In other cases non-enrollment is high among children with special mental, emotional, and physical needs for whom adequate provision is not available—the whole range of handicapped, the educationally disadvantaged, and the large numbers with more subtle learning disabilities.

Most inexplicable educationally, however, is the widespread often arbitrary and discriminatory use of suspension to exclude children from school. There are, of course, substantial numbers of cases in which young people have to be removed from school so that teachers and other students will be protected from physical violence. But the Defense Fund found that a relatively small percentage of all suspensions was related to the safety of individuals or the destruction of property. And if education—that is, being in school—has the value that our society assumes it has, it is hard to understand how suspension can be considered an appropriate response to truancy, cutting classes, tardiness, and a whole range of other non-violent actions. For example, the following two cases were reported in *Children Out of School in America:*

- In Macon, Ga., a 16-year-old black youngster was expelled for the three-month remainder of the school term because he could not pay $5 to replace a ruler that he had broken accidentally during shop class.
- In New Bedford, Mass., a 17-year-old white boy was suspended for two days when he left the school grounds to help an old man change a flat tire. When his mother called the school to inquire about the incident, she was given this explanation: Her son had done a good deed, but the rule was that he had to be suspended for leaving school grounds—and it could not be broken.

Appropriately enough, the day after the Children's Defense Fund report was released, the Supreme Court handed down a decision in which it held for the first time that, under the Constitution, young people enjoy the same protection against interference with their education that adults have when the government attempts to deprive them of their rights. Specifically, in *Goss* v. *Lopez,* the Court held that students cannot be suspended from school without notice of charges against them, presentation of adverse evidence, and an opportunity to tell their side of the story.

The schools are often arbitrary, inflexible, and sometimes discriminatory as they pursue their educational function. And the report of the Children's Defense Fund presents a wealth of documentation for this side of the story. It is child-advocacy agencies of this kind and the reports they prepare that are gradually winning the fight for children's rights.

But the schools also face enormous problems in their efforts to educate the 50 million children entrusted to their care—all too often with inadequate support from the public as well as from local, state, and federal governments. We should not forget the many good schools and the thousands of dedicated teachers and administrators who are fighting to bring good education to the nation's children. *Children Out of School in America* can, in fact, be read as an indictment not of the schools, but of a society that doesn't seem to care about its children.

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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Education

"Know Ye, Our Subjects"

In the never-never world of Japanese textbooks, World War II aggression is played down, and once again the emperor enjoys a place in the sun.

by Donald Kirk

Tokyo

Three decades after World War II, Japanese education is showing an alarming tilt. The trend, evident for years but little publicized outside Japan, seems stronger than at any point since the late Thirties and the war. Critics of the educational system are claiming that it exists as an extension of modern right-wing "Japan, Incorporated," interests, just as the pre-war schools served the interests of a militarist regime.

Take, for instance, the version of the war years now taught to Japanese schoolchildren. "World War II and Japan" is the title of the last of eight subsections listed in the official English-language translation of a current guideline that the Ministry of Education issues for the teaching of history and social studies. Between an examination of "Asian conditions and Chinese affairs" and a look at post-war "reforms," the guideline notes that the teacher should have the pupils "learn the outline of world conditions immediately before and after the outbreak of World War II and understand the circumstances that led to the nation's defeat," all the while "referring to the people's lives during the war." That's all—no mention of the great battles and campaigns, Japan's conquest of the Philippines and Malaya and Singapore, the entry of Japanese troops into Indochina and Thailand, purportedly under the cover of hastily arranged alliances, and the defeats on Pacific islands and atolls that preceded the cataclysm of national disgrace.

Indeed, if we may accept the word of young Japanese graduates, teachers often skip even a perfunctory review of the conflict in their haste to get to "more important material." It was not quite clear to one Japanese girl why her course never covered the war. "I think it was because we had no time," she explained, smiling brightly. "The term ended too soon." No Japanese escapes from high school, however, without having thoroughly studied the suffering and long-range destructive impact of the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. "The war is taught as a tragedy," said Shinjo Okuda, the director of planning and research at the Ministry of Education, which is responsible for prescribing all course material on the secondary level. "Most of the facts of the war are not yet academic history," he added, politely refuting the notion advanced by many teachers that the Japanese should at least understand the "guilt" and "wrongdoing" of their wartime leaders. "It is too early to reach any final judgments."

Despite such disclaimers, the approach toward the war is representative of a concerted, if not always clearly conscious, effort at molding the minds of Japanese youth well before they have reached college level. The retrogressive pattern accords with other signs of renascent nationalism—notably successive buildups of the "self-defense" forces and the growth of massive "enterprise groups" from the skeletons of the old pre-war industrial elite, the *zaibatsu*. The feeling among educators, if not all government officials, is that the conservative, ruling Liberal-Democratic Party has almost intuitively manipulated the drift to the ways of another era—especially that neo-nationalist spirit which has engulfed Japan during the country's rapid recovery from war. The current energy crisis—more serious here than in any other advanced nation, because Japan must import all its oil—only deepens the innate tendency to channelize the outlook of the young through education.

The instinct for central direction of educational policy, on even the lowest level of schooling, is deeply embedded in Japanese history. "Know ye, our subjects," began the seminal rescript issued by the Emperor Meiji on October 10, 1890, the twenty-third year of a reign in which he and his ministers "restored" the power of the throne and began the peculiarly Japanese process of modernizing their country. "Our imperial ancestors have founded our empire on a basis broad and everlasting and have deeply implanted virtue," said the rescript, a classic statement of Japanese nationalism. "Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of our empire, and herein also lies the source of our education."

This document is a deep, yet simplis-

Granger Collection

Wide World

Emperors Meiji (left) and Hirohito—"Adrift to the ways of another era."

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tic, expression of the purpose of learning—until one examines some of the latest guidelines by which the ministry keeps the system in lock. The first objective in the field of history, notes one such guideline, should be for pupils to "think about the tradition and cultural features of Japan and foster their sentiment as Japanese and their consciousness as Japanese living in the present and in the future." The guideline prescribes instruction on such topics as the formation of ancient Japan and Asia, steps toward national unification, the development of modern Japan, and new Japan and the world—all the while overlooking World War II.

It wasn't always that way. In the first years of the American occupation, Japanese teachers freely taught their charges, in the words of a guideline issued in 1947, "to love peace and erase the dirty name of destroyer of peace and to make positive efforts to overcome any obstacle to world peace." What happened to change these noble goals? Were they enforced by American occupation authorities—only to be forgotten the moment that occupation ended? Not exactly. As a matter of fact, the leaders of the powerful Japan Teachers' Union, known here by the acronym NIKKYOSO, blame Americans for having exercised quite the contrary influence—by encouraging Japan at the end of the occupation to formalize a national education policy in order to "promote the spirit to defend our country." Indeed, Teruo Fukushima, a spokesman for NIKKYOSO, explained to me: "Ever since, education for peace and for democratic truth has moved dangerously toward the pre-war standards for education."

For example, said Fukushima, "In 1948, when I was a primary-school teacher, we taught that World War II was a mistake that should never happen again. In 1958 the policy was reformed to teach that the Pacific war could not be helped. And in 1970 the textbook was revised to teach that the war was natural in the course of history." Fukushima—and NIKKYOSO—see a much more basic reinterpretation of the role of the emperor and of Japanese civilization in general. "Before the war it used to be taught that Japan was a divine country," he recalled from his own past. "But afterward we were taught that such thinking was very contradictory to the facts of geography."

"The approach to the war is representative of a concerted . . . effort at molding the minds of Japanese youth well before they have reached college."

Now, Fukushima noted, elementary-school texts begin their study of history not with the evolution of pre-historic man, but with the birth of the Japanese nation—a shift that he views as an effort to instill an impression of Japanese divinity. As for Emperor Hirohito, who, after the war, was compelled to admit that he was not descended from the sun, he is described in textbooks as "one who has been loved and respected by the people for a long time"—clearly an effort at reviving his symbolic importance.

But how can one be sure that such changes represent a deliberate attempt at "nationalizing" Japanese education? Could it be that the authors of the texts have casually altered phrases here and there without necessarily participating in a carefully contrived plot to honor the spirit of the imperial rescript of 1890? In this society one rarely finds more than circumstantial evidence on which to base answers to such questions. No member of the national educational council—including senior educators and scholars—would concede any real change at all except for occasional revisions so that education keeps up with current events and thinking. "For example," said an elementary-school expert in the Ministry of Education, "during the occupation period we ignored the emperor. But then we considered this interpretation 'biased,' because emperors are admired in poetry and literature since ancient times, and now textbooks mention some of the famous ones."

Aggrieved teachers can always point out they have no choice at all in what they teach. The Japanese Ministry of Education not only dictates course outlines and textbook assignments but also tightly controls local school boards, all of whose members are appointed rather than elected. Thus, despite isolated instances of teachers', and even boards', refusing to follow guidelines, the ministry can suppress dissent merely by firing its opponents. "This pattern is repeated whenever there is a sense of crisis among politicians in power," observed Masami Yamazumi, an assistant professor at Tokyo University of Education. "In the 1880s there was a movement for democratic rights influenced by the American and French revolutions, and the government tried to control education, as finally illustrated by the imperial rescript." Yamazumi recalled that one prominent American scholar, the late George Sansom, predicted in 1950 that Japan would "revert to its past through education."

In the current conflict the position of the government is inextricably linked with its fear that a Communist and Socialist coalition would eventually undermine its majority in the diet, or parliament. These two parties dominate NIKKYOSO—and obviously are using its weight and prestige to press political aims. It was partly to combat the opposition of NIKKYOSO that Prime Minister Takeo Miki, the compromise successor to the unpopular, highly conservative Kakuei Tanaka, named a leading intellectual and scholar, Michio Nagai, as education minister in December. Nagai, an editorial writer on education topics for *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's largest, most influential newspaper, discussed the educational system when I interviewed him shortly before his appointment.

"My feeling is that Japanese education today is very rigid and stiff," said Nagai, a former university professor noted for his criticism of educational policies. "The school system has been an instrument to facilitate industrialization." Nagai, analyzing the rationale for educational policies with considerably more frankness than he might be inclined to display since his appointment, said that leaders of the Liberal-Democratic Party evidently believed that Japan needed more unity to compete internationally. Nagai himself, however, espoused the view that Japan was already so homogeneous culturally and ethnically as not to need such a high degree of central educational planning in order to achieve its goals. Not surprisingly, in view of his general outlook, NIKKYOSO officials welcomed Nagai's appointment as perhaps the last hope for salvaging education in Japan from deterioration.

It would be very surprising indeed, however, if Nagai, now that he is a member of the Cabinet, had enough power or bureaucratic latitude to bring about any basic change. For one thing, Prime

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"The question many professors ask is whether higher education, if 'improved' by government spending, might not also fall completely under government control."

Minister Miki, a career politician identified with the left-of-center element of the L.D.P., may not survive as prime minister against more conservative rivals angling to edge him out at the next L.D.P. convention in July. Moreover, Nagai's appointment seemed to represent a self-conscious effort by Miki to show that not all his ministers owed their positions to political alliances. Because the rest of the Cabinet was clearly divided among members of various L.D.P. factions, Miki wanted to give what is basically a secondary portfolio to one who he thought might suggest constructive ideas—and turn off criticism at the same time. If Nagai seems overly innovative, however, Miki may have to replace him as a concession to rival factions.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle, however, lies in the nature of the bureaucracy itself—and in the capacity of seemingly "controversial" thinkers to adapt to the system once they have been appointed to responsible positions. "It's usually the minister who loses in fights with his bureaucracy," remarked one of Nagai's former colleagues at *Asahi Shimbun*. Inasmuch as Nagai has no previous experience in government, then, his own subordinates, the men responsible for drafting the guidelines, will almost certainly try to sabotage or postpone ad infinitum his program. What's more, according to one Japanese observer, "when we talk about Cabinet ministers, we say *bunshoku daijin*, meaning 'ministers eating at the same table.' There is a spirit of commensalism among ministers. They do not like to disagree strongly with the others on the Cabinet."

Then, too, there is the question of Nagai's personal commitment. For all the critical words that he uttered before his appointment, he did not express interest in furthering the NIKKYOSO program for reforming courses offered on the secondary level. Nor did Nagai, the son of a conservative wartime Tokyo mayor, seem sympathetic with the efforts of a venerated Tokyo academician to persuade the government to accept a basic text that he had written for the school system. "He's a leftist," Nagai remarked about Prof. Ienaga Saburo of the Tokyo University of Education. The case, a landmark in the contest between central state power and individual freedom, dragged on for 14 years before the Tokyo District Court reversed an earlier decision by ruling in July that the textbook screening process of the Ministry of Education was not unconstitutional.

"In a word, this suit is a struggle to regain the freedom of writing and publishing textbooks," wrote Professor Ienaga in an article published four years ago in the United States by the *Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars*. Tracing the long history of state control over Japanese education, Ienaga cited "the adoption in 1963 of measures to supply state-purchased textbooks to children in primary and middle school" as one of the more significant events in the transition from the relative freedom of the occupation era. Understandably enough, in view of his own predicament, he placed somewhat greater stress on that decision than on such other measures as the denial to teachers of freedom of political activity in 1956, the abolition in the same year of elected school boards, the enforcement of ratings of teacher performance with closed rating sessions from which there is no right of appeal, and the enforcement of a national achievement test skillfully designed to determine whether or not teachers are meting out the lessons as required.

Still more indicative, perhaps, of the thinking of government officials were some of the grounds on which the ministry rejected his book—in effect a rewriting and an updating of a text by him in use in Japanese schools since 1952. "Statements which specified that the tale of the imperial origin is not an objective historical fact at all were used as a pretext for the rejection of my textbook and had to be deleted," wrote Professor Ienaga. Regarding the Meiji constitution of 1889, the ministry said that he had evaluated it negatively by claiming that the power of the emperor "was wide while the rights of parliament were narrow" without referring to its "positive historical significance as the first constitution in Asia." Ienaga was also asked to remove sentences noting that "academic freedom under the Meiji constitution was not strictly guaranteed and political restrictions were imposed on the social sciences. . . ."

Was Professor Ienaga presenting a distinctly biased view despite his protestations of objectivity? As with so many other issues in the controversy, the answer is necessarily ambivalent. Ienaga's political leanings emerged more clearly in the section of the book illustrated with World War II photographs; they bear such captions as "air raid on the mainland," "the atomic bomb and Hiroshima, the burnt-out area," "wartime manners and customs," and "damages of the war"—the last depicting a wounded war veteran, one arm gone, begging for money. "The adjective 'reckless' (*mubo na*), which I used to describe the Pacific war, was ordered removed," said Professor Ienaga, as was the sentence, "There were such victims behind the victory," beneath the illustration of a painting of a widow and children weeping over the memory of a dead soldier.

While such verbiage still might not appear "leftist," it does coincide with the anti-war, pacifist politics of the Socialists and Communists. The political implications were defined still more sharply by the author's emphasis on photographs of leftist demonstrators snake-dancing to protest rearmament, of a meeting "opposing the establishment of the law for maintenance of the public peace," and of an "international conference for prohibition of A- and H-bombs." For all the politicking inherent in this choice of photographs, however, the fact does remain that such events were an integral part of post-war Japanese history. How, then, can anyone possibly judge with finality which side might properly claim "objectivity"—the professor or the Ministry of Education?

A thin, balding man, with long, sensitive fingers—the picture of a Japanese intellectual—Profesor Ienaga spoke convincingly of the potential consequences of current policies and thinking. "Young people entering universities are likely not to have enough insights," he remarked, almost plaintively, during a conversation in the sitting room of his small, immaculate home, in a far corner of the city. "When they get into their 20s they are politically apathetic." Ienaga, sipping tea, attributed this frame of mind directly to the educational process—and predicted that a new

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nationalism would sooner or later replace present lack of concern. "I am worried that the people will go blind politically, which will allow a few fascists to lead the nation," he said, conjuring up a parallel between the current mood and that of Germany or Japan in the Twenties. "It is not that most people would be enthusiastic nationalists," he quickly qualified, "but rather that they will be easily led by enthusiastic fascists." Yet he admitted that the government had not gone so far as to consider nationalistic textbooks, which were required reading before the war, and he readily conceded it was very hard to judge the seriousness of the trend toward new nationalism or neo-fascism.

It is, perhaps, strong proof of sentiment *against* nationalism that Professor Ienaga's own unsanitized text not only could still have been published in Japan but even is prominently displayed in bookstores and has been a "bestseller" (the Japanese use the American term, which they pronounce "bestosera") for most of this year. "It would have sold twice as many copies if it had been approved as a textbook," said Ienaga, who agreed to some of the changes ordered by the ministry but finally balked at what he thought would ultimately compromise him ethically and deprive his work of its real value. Besides the appeal of his work to a significant sector of what may be the world's most literate population group, there are other signs of the reluctance of the Japanese people to subscribe to the policies of the Ministry of Education. "Among the general public there has been a trend to talk about the experiences of the war," Ienaga pointed out. "Though children are not taught about war in school, there are movements in big cities to record the air raids and the suffering. Older people are worried most about the possibility of a new generation's committing itself to war again without knowing the real suffering and misery of war."

Such thinking appeals to Nagai primarily as an example of one extreme in the fundamental conflict here regarding educational philosophy. "There will be more polarization," he predicted, extending the point through all aspects of Japanese life. "It will be very difficult for the Japanese to endure hardship after they have tasted affluence. We can already see signs of stagnation and unemployment. Under such circumstances one group will become very defensive and nationalistic, the Communist element in Japan will grow stronger, and then the L.D.P. will be terrified." It was just that pattern that induced former Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka, before his resignation, to suggest that it was "now time to revise education so that real Japanese can be educated"—a crack at radical teachers.

Beyond the secondary level, the government prescribes no curriculum and imposes no formal restrictions. Instructors, research scholars, and professors theoretically are free to write and to say what they think. Nonetheless, the same indefinable forces of society also impose harsh limitations in this respect as well. Four years after enduring the horror of intensely competitive entrance exams, students must undergo still more competitive tests in order to gain employment in a respectable company or government agency. Thus even such a distinguished seat of learning as Tokyo University, the nation's most prestigious center of higher education, becomes merely an apparatus of "Japan, Incorporated."

If Nagai has any real power at all, he will probably exercise it on this level, in attempting to broaden the scope of higher education and increasing the demands for original research. "Higher education today is even weaker than secondary education in terms of creativity," he said in our conversation. "In many colleges the teachers do not teach. The professors are too poor; they need outside jobs to survive. If the Japanese government decided to spend more money for higher education, there would be some possibility for improving it. Financial stability is essential."

Fair enough, except that Nagai seemed to posit his argument more on practical necessities than on libertarian ideals. It was perhaps instructive that a reform-minded educational expert such as he should hark back to the pre-war era in a mood almost akin to nostalgia. "I would say this country was healthier, more balanced before the war," said Nagai. "The experience of defeat built up feelings of poverty. The whole nation got interested in building the economy to the exclusion of everything else. The immediate economic gain was more important." The question many professors ask is whether the system of higher education, if "improved" by government spending, might not also fall completely under government control.

The Japanese have "two alternatives," said Nagai. "One is for more polarization with no resolution, and the other is for a middle-of-the-road position with a more modified economic system and greater freedom of ideas, press, and education." But not all educators see greater educational freedom as a realistic possibility. "The ministry is now getting tight again," remarked Prof. Shigeki Tooyama, a noted pre-war historian. "It is because of this trend toward conservatism. There is always the chance it will spread to the universities, too." □

Wide World

Hiroshima after A-bombing—"Japan's defeat built up feelings of poverty."

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Combating Lingui-chauvinism: A Biracial, Bilingual Experiment in Ohio

by Fred M. Hechinger

Cincinnati

The visitor to the Fairview Elementary School in Cincinnati stopped a little black girl on her way to class. *"Wie gehts heute?"* ("How are you today?") he asked. Unruffled, the six-year-old answered in unimpeachable German: *"Danke, sehr gut."* ("Thanks, very well.")

The youngster was one of some 200 first- and second-graders enrolled in the country's first bilingual public-school program for English-speaking (monolingual) children, at the German-English Bilingual Alternative School, temporarily housed in Cincinnati's Fairview Elementary and Schiel Schools. (There are a few such private schools, among them New York's French-English Fleming School.) If all goes according to plan, these children will leave junior high school nine years from now, speaking both their native English and their acquired German fluently and, it is hoped, comprehending two cultures.

The experiment was conceived several years ago by Dr. Guy Stern, then chairman of the Department of German and currently dean of graduate studies at the University of Cincinnati. The program is predicated on the belief that every educated citizen of the modern world ought to be at home in at least one language other than his own. (In current usage, it must be stressed, Cincinnati's concept of bilingual education is, of course, quite the opposite of those bilingual classes intended to help Puerto Rican youngsters find their way to the mastery of English.)

"Ich bin ein Kind" ("I am a child"), announced Mrs. Margith Stern, Dr. Stern's wife and one of the program's creators and guardian angels, as she barged into the classroom. Howls of laughter. *"Nein,"* shouted several children. *"Du bist kein Kind. Du bist die Frau Stern."* ("No. You are not a child. You are Mrs. Stern.")

Presiding over the class was Dieter Glaubke, an American teacher who holds a recent master's degree from the University of Wisconsin and who recently taught in a West German public school. He was fiddling with a bunch of cards. *"Herr Glaubke, bist Du fertig?"* ("Mr. Glaubke, are you ready?") asked one of the children with mock impatience. *"Nein, ich bin noch nicht fertig"* ("No, I am not yet ready"), he replied.

The Cincinnati Board of Education agreed to its long-term commitment—at least nine years of bilingual education for the children who volunteered for the program—after studying experiments on a smaller scale, which showed that youngsters from white middle-class and black disadvantaged homes, when exposed to the new experience of German, performed equally well, regardless of the gap in their regular educational achievements. The logical assumption was that educational differences faded when both groups started from the same level of ignorance without built-in cultural advantages or handicaps.

The school board agreed, in inviting volunteers from the entire metropolitan area, that the racial composition of those enrolled would be as nearly balanced as possible. The only requirement was that parents seeking to enroll their children had to pledge personal cooperation and support. For its part, the city school system, which had resisted demands for busing and still faces litigation on the issue of more general integration, was to provide transportation for all bilingual pupils who live outside the area of the two schools. To underscore the biracial as well as the bilingual attraction, it must be mentioned that prior to the experiment, the participating schools, Fairview and Schiel, were, respectively, virtually all-white and all-black.

"The United States," said the prospectus, "has tended to become linguichauvinistic and isolated from the cultural influences of the outside world. Valiant efforts to teach foreign languages on a broad scale have met with little success. . . ."

Indeed, the history of American public education shows a dogged determination—understandable in the interest of creating a cohesive nation—to wipe out the foreign-language heritage that immigrant children brought to school with them. But times have changed. American nationhood is no longer in question. The emphasis has shifted toward Americans' capacity to be influential in the world community.

The Cincinnati school authorities are committed to following up the German

Young bilinguists in action: "The program has been mapped out in minute detail."

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beginning—a nod to the city's sizable German-origin population—with a French bilingual school in September and a Spanish one the following year.

Pedagogically, the program has been mapped out in minute detail. The first three years are to be devoted to making the children operationally bilingual; teachers will achieve this goal by conducting 70 minutes of every day's classes—40 minutes in the morning and 30 minutes in the afternoon—entirely in German. Reading instruction, however, will proceed in traditional English, as will all the other early elementary-school subjects.

In the fourth grade, pupils will become part of a truly bilingual enterprise. Some subjects, ranging from music to mathematics and from physical education to geography, will be taught in German. Others, such as American history and government, will be conducted in English. As early as feasible, possibly in the seventh grade, there will be an exchange program. Talks are already underway with authorities in Hamburg.

If these plans sound wildly optimistic, they gain plausibility when one visits the classroom. The second-graders in Schiel School were off to a fine German start when they presented the day's *Wetterbericht* (weather report). Dr. Fritz Veidt (who has distinguished academic credentials and experience as an exchange teacher in Germany), amid gales of laughter, took a hand puppet out of his briefcase—shades of "Sesame Street"!—to engage in what was an obviously familiar routine. The puppet, ignoring all admonitions, deliberately gave all the wrong answers—in German, of course.

Experts consider the program's deceptively easy approach—German Without Tears, so to speak—to be inherently dangerous as a pilot study. The fun-and-games air makes everything so attractive that school administrators in Cincinnati and elsewhere might easily be seduced into embracing it as an easy answer to tough problems, particularly integration.

Similar misreadings have doomed many other promising programs. An obviously successful program is imitated, without full appreciation of its cost in talent and money. Without long-term commitment, without superior bilingual teachers, without meticulous preparation, copying a bilingual plan could be first-rate public relations but an invitation to educational disaster.

Perhaps even more remarkable than the children's initial progress has been the program's fallout for integration. The "Language Parents," as the supporting P.T.A.s call themselves, have boasted not only of an almost total turnout but also of racial harmony. The group includes some white parents who, until only recently, stood in the forefront in the battle against busing. Now, many of these same parents register no objections to having their children bused to a school that, except for the mixed first and second grades, is still predominantly black.

Charles Lindberg, the school board's president, had been known for his lack of enthusiasm for busing; he now says, however: "I guess busing is okay if there is education at the end of the ride." □

The Educator's Bookshelf

Inside Soviet Schools by Susan Jacoby (Hill and Wang, 256 pp., $8.95) is a balanced, readable, charmingly personal account of education in the U.S.S.R. The author establishes balance by selecting topics that not only reveal the workings of nursery, elementary, and upper-grade schools, but also show how these institutions relate to family, politics, and the system's products. Jacoby sustains this analytical balance in a number of ways. For instance, she mentions that her ability to speak Russian helped her researches greatly. But she freely concedes that her grasp of Russian grammar may not be perfect, and cautions that even a two-year residence in the Soviet Union does not dispel sampling problems. She disproves the belief that Soviet schools are culturally monolithic or that they set more rigorous academic standards than their U.S. counterparts. She concludes by elaborating on the counterpoised themes of Soviet group orientation and U.S. individualism in children's upbringing. Stylistically uncomplicated, *Inside Soviet Schools* reads like a well-organized journal by an alert traveler.

The Early Childhood Educator at Work by Millie Almy (McGraw-Hill, 276 pp., $8.95) deliberately emphasizes the intellectual rather than the social, emotional, or physical aspects of child development. Given this focus, Professor Almy's newest work is one of the most comprehensive, precise treatments of the subject in recent times. Its protagonist is the professional trained to direct, coordinate, or supervise schools or centers, to teach in colleges and universities, to serve in health and welfare agencies, commerce, industry, or the media. After outlining the scope of her field, Dr. Almy raises some persistent issues, among which is the nature of play. Moving next to specific programs and the need for working closely with parents, she discusses current research and ends with a view of the early-childhood educator's work that reflects her own depth of knowledge and profound humanism.

Unlearning the Lie: Sexism in Schools by Barbara Grizzuti Harrison (William Morrow, 176 pp., $2.95) describes the attempts of parents and teachers at Brooklyn's Woodward School (kindergarten through eighth grade) to challenge the proposition that "women sense that men have a direct and purposeful connection with the world, while they exist only in connection with men." Troubled by this sex-role stereotyping, Woodward's Sex-Roles Committee examined the school curriculum, library, texts, accommodations, and parent-staff relations, questioned their appropriateness, and set about raising the consciousness of all concerned in order to give children more realistic appraisals of themselves. In this well-written account, Ms. Harrison relates how frank exchanges and concerted efforts generated programs and materials dedicated to "allowing all children to become fully human." Robust narrative and a helpful bibliography ensure wide readership for this effective treatment of a most important topic.

Workyards: Playgrounds Planned for Adventure by Nancy Rudolph (Teachers College Press, 66 pp., $5.95) illustrates through text and photographs the oft-forgotten fact that children at play "create their own world and re-create the world around them." Don't expect slides and swings, though. These playgrounds, snapped in the U.S., England, Israel, Sweden, and Turkey, sometimes look more like bomb-craters or junk yards than the conventionally equipped mini-parks of our youth. Study the children's faces, however, and decide for yourself how the kids like the workyards Ms. Rudolph shows us. JOHN CALAM

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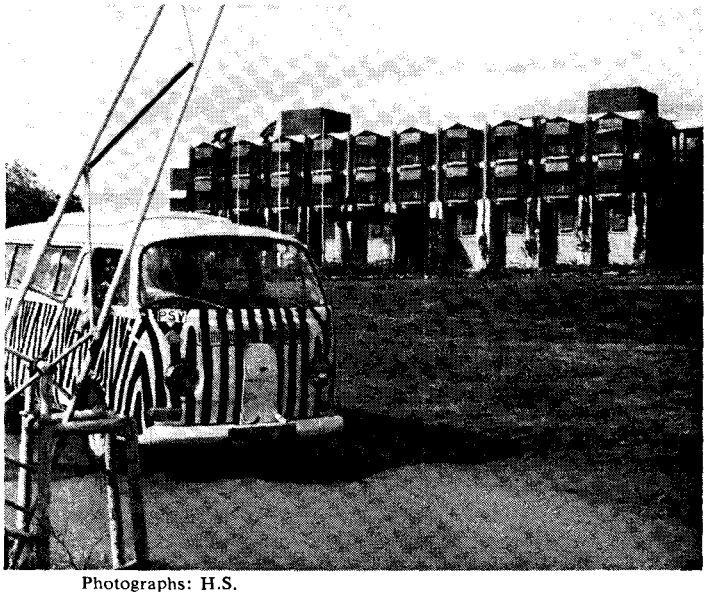
The East African Adventure

2. The Road to Mombasa



Photographs: H.S.

Taita Hills Lodge—Memories of Kaiser Wilhelm.

Lions in Tsavo East—Descendants of the man-eaters of '98.

by Horace Sutton

The Taita Hills, cool and green, rise above the brown bushlands and the scattered trees that stretch for endless miles across the plains of Tsavo. Up on these heights the Taita people were secure from the Masai, those fearsome, spear-carrying, cattle-blood drinkers. Convicted criminals and captured Masai were dispatched by being thrown from the 6,000-foot peaks.

Calmed by the missionaries, who have been in the hills since 1892, the Taitas live a respectable agricultural life, growing bananas, cassava, cabbage, and spinach. Since 1954, when the British lifted a colonial law that forbade Africans from growing coffee, they have been producing crops of coffee beans, which are dried on long benches under blankets of tree bark.

There is no game to be seen in the Taita Hills, beyond the vervet monkeys swinging among the green branches, but the Taitas provide at least a sidelong glance at the life of the people, as well as at the forgotten fragments of colonial history. Aside from providing a convenient means of executing unworthies, the high peaks of the Taitas were used by British forces in World War I to signal their troops on the plains below.

Gen. Jan Smuts kept his command post in the Taita Hills, maneuvering a large British and colonial contingent against the Kaiser's troops based in Tanganyika, the heart of German East Africa. Taveta, on the border of Tanzania—which was Tanganyika—is only 30 miles away. It was a colorful campaign, the British employing such local warriors as the Baganda Rifles, a force that painted its ponies to look like zebras, and the Germans devising a guerrilla-style battle plan led by Gen. Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck.

In pursuit of a bit of historical whimsy, the builders of Taita Hills Lodge patterned it after a German stronghold that, in fact, never existed. The dining room, to stretch the fancy further, is supposed to be a rendition of the German officers' mess. The Kaiser's eagle is carved into the chairs.

The Taita Lodge and its companion piece, Salt Lick Lodge, five miles away, were built by a syndicate of 20 Americans and one Kenyan who jointly owned a 28,000-acre hunting block sandwiched in between Tsavo National Park East and Tsavo National Park West. The lodges were opened two years ago as a part of the Hilton string and are managed by Brian Burroughs, an old Africa hand who ran the Norfolk and the New Stanley hotels in Nairobi, both favorites of Hemingway, Robert Ruark, and other Africa roustabouts.

TAITA HILLS LODGE is the logical hub for travelers who make the Nairobi-Amboseli-Tsavo Park run, as well as for those German and French tours that use Mombasa as their base and roam inland to see the game. There is scarcely a more comfortable place for communing with the animals than Salt Lick

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Lodge, the last word in game-viewing hostels, a style originated by Treetops.

A collection of cement towers, covered with thatch and set on stilts, the lodge faces a natural salt lick, which has long been the local pub for the neighboring game. The Sunday afternoon I rolled in, the plains game filled the panorama that stretches in front of the wall-less lounges and the bar. Herds of gazelles grazed in the meadows. Maribou storks were posing, a lone waterbuck came to sip at the waterhole, baboons scampered in the flats, though none joined the guests on the observation terrace as they do at Treetops.

As the afternoon waned, a pair of elephants appeared and performed an elaborate ritual of drinking, bathing, and spraying themselves with red dust, the pachyderms' powder. Guests watched the performance from elevated benches on the observation terrace while waiters fetched drinks from the bar. For a closer look, one could walk along a carpeted, 40-foot tunnel, which leads to a camouflaged observation pit at the very edge of the salt lick. From this vantage point the game-watcher contemplates an elephant's leg as if viewing the trunk of a redwood while looking up from its base.

Six elephants arrived in the gloaming to provide the guests at the bar with cocktail small talk. When the light fell, a pair of honey badgers, those vicious marauders that attack man or beast by leaping at the crotch, tiptoed to the edge of the pool. We were spooning soup in the dining room when a manager announced, "Hyenas, scavengers of the bush!" It was a rather formal, if breathless, pronouncement, but enough to have us out of our chairs for a look. A rhino performed with dessert.

With the adrenaline flowing, one is reluctant to go to bed. For those who are torn between nocturnal game-watching and the need for rest, the lodge has devised an elaborate buzzer system. Guests check off the game they would be willing to get up to see; if the prescribed animal arrives in view, a buzzer goes off —one buzz for elephant, two for buffalo, three for rhino, four for lion, and five for cheetah or leopard.

Unlike Treetops, it isn't necessary to throw on some clothes and run to the observation terrace. From many of the 64 rooms at Salt Lick, it is possible to view the game from the window. After a succession of buzzes that had me leaping out of bed like a fireman who has heard a five-alarm, I turned off the signal. In the morning, when I pulled back the curtains, herds of impala and gazelles were breakfasting on the sunlit plain.

By now, our driver, whose formal name is F. Macharia Ng'anga and who bid me call him Francis, was well rested. He rolled out United Touring's distinctive zebra-striped microbus, and we headed south along the Nairobi-Mombasa Highway to Voi, a bustling center for sisal and cotton, and a German stronghold in the First World War. Mombasa was beckoning, but we still had not seen lion, buffalo, or leopard among the major animals, and we veered into Tsavo East for a last look.

The eastern park is less traveled than the west, and the game, especially along the back roads, less disturbed by zebra-striped microbuses. We pushed open the pop-up roof and cruised slowly, binoculars at the ready, like Rommel searching for British tanks. An oryx, with long, straight horns, cut in front of the bus so quickly there was hardly a chance to get more than a blurred image of him in the camera. Coke's hartebeests appeared; ostriches, pink as flamingos and tall as horses, trotted across the plain in a lively gavotte; guinea fowl, in wild disarray, ran down the road in front of the bus, like a group of matrons surprised at the church picnic by the appearance of a snake.

Long-necked gerenuk, white-rumped Grant's gazelle, bunny-tailed klipspringer, tiny dik-dik no bigger than dogs, and greater kudu were logged in the game book we kept. We no longer maintained a car-count on elephant; herds were everywhere, part of an estimated 20,000 that live in Tsavo. Francis took the bus along Rhino Ridge to the escarpment high above the Galana River. Twenty crocodiles, green and lethal, were sunning themselves, obligingly enough, at the precise location that the map calls Crocodile Point.

THE PARK IS SO VAST that the area north of the Galana River has not yet been manned by rangers and is closed to the public. We turned and headed back, threading our way along the back roads. "There," Francis exclaimed in a whisper and turned the bus off the road. Under the trees sat seven young lions, descendants of the storied Man-Eaters of the Tsavo, made famous by J. H. Patterson, an engineer who arrived here in 1898 to help build the rail line from Mombasa to Uganda. His book first appeared in 1907 and was published in paperback by Fontana Books in 1973, a gory account of the man-eating lions which had killed 28 Indian laborers and an estimated 100 Africans before Patterson dispatched them. I had read the book the night before, and when Fran-

Midday in Mombasa—Arab influences from the seventh century.

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cis began to move the bus even closer to the lions, I reminded him quickly that the pop-up roof was still popped up.

By now we were in need of lunch, and I set a course for Voi Safari Lodge, a handsome inn carved into the hillside with a vast plain spread out below. We were scarcely seated at the terrace table with the buffet on one side and the immense vista on the other, when two bull buffaloes sauntered on stage, heading for the water hole that lay below us. They were followed, at a respectable distance and at single file, by 20 cows. When the bulls had bathed and swilled, the cows were allowed in the pool where they stood, like ladies at the spa, taking the waters and nattering pleasantly.

It was the final performance in the game parks, staged, so it seemed, on cue. The buffaloes departed and so did we, rolling toward Mombasa and the sea, 95 miles away. We were still 25 miles from that port city when the fields turned green, palms and mango trees appeared, bougainvillea erupted in fountains of color. Baskets of green coconuts and oranges were piled at roadside stands; thatch-covered huts stood in the fields. Men were wearing wrap-around skirts, evoking images—with all that surrounding greenery—of Fiji. African women walking along the road were swathed, Moslem-style, in black *buibui,* the first hint of Arab influences which arrived on this coast in the seventh century.

There are claims that Phoenician ships paid a call at Mombasa about 500 B.C., and some historians interpret descriptions given by Diogenes, in a chronicle written in 110 A.D., as indications that he came ashore here and traveled inland to the mountains from which the Nile draws its source.

Vasco da Gama finally got it down on paper. He arrived in 1498, was received unenthusiastically, and set off a tug-of-war between the Portuguese and the Arabs that was to last for centuries. The only remaining vestige of the Portuguese rule is the massive bastion of Fort Jesus, which they built in 1593. The Sultan of Oman laid siege to its seven-foot-thick walls in 1698, and after 33 months, Fort Jesus fell. The city was still in the domain of the Sultan of Zanzibar, though it was leased to the British (and a British protectorate), when Kenya declared its independence in 1963.

If Portuguese influence has been erased, Arab influence is everywhere, especially in the twisting alleys of the old town, in the wooden doors studded with brass spikes, and in the seasonal appearance of a few dhows which still sail down from Arabia. The Moslem influences are strong among the veiled women, but they are matched by the strong accents of India. There is nothing quite so redolent of the subcontinent across the ocean as lunch at the stained tables of the Curry Bowl, a tiny restaurant patronized by turbaned Sikhs with highly waxed mustaches.

Those new invaders, the Germans and the Scandinavians, are in large numbers in the seaside hotels. Many of them stay at the Nyali Beach Hotel which, despite the clientele, gives off the essence, at least at table, of a colonial hotel in British India. The Americans, especially those who come on packaged tours of the game parks and end up in Mombasa, are at the Mombasa Beach Hotel, which opened in 1970 with 100 double rooms.

Well kept and seaside, Mombasa Beach looks like this year's Caribbean hotel, although its prices—$44 a day for two with all meals—can scarcely be found in the West Indies. More elderly, and more middle-class European, Nyali Beach gets even less—$33 a day for two with all meals.

Both hotels have been built on the broad, flat sand beach that borders the Indian Ocean. When the tide is out, it is a half-mile walk to the reef. Northward, halfway to the Somali border, sits the island of Lamu which, with its Arab flavors, is astir as the stylish new discovery.

But Mombasa and the Indian Ocean are different, too far, perhaps, from the game parks to seem a part of Kenya as it lives in one's mind. On the way to the airport for the flight back to Nairobi, we were stopped for a convoy of cars bringing President Kenyatta to town. And there stood the Mzee, as they call him, the honorable gentleman, waving his fly whisk from the back of an open car. I took it as a stylish farewell. □

(Second of two articles on East Africa. The first appeared in SR, *Feb. 22.)*

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 59.*

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D.B. LZC EVVC

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 67

RALPH G. MARTIN:
THE WOMAN HE LOVED

The Duke and Duchess . . . busied themselves in Paris. The two were seen taking long walks in the Fontainebleau Woods, once a royal preserve of the kings of France. They had piles of mail, all of which would be faithfully answered, even those who wrote "Dear King."

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(Continued from page 11.)
needed food and consumer goods to pay the bills. Hungary and Poland have Romania's bad example very much in mind but even so are beginning to hurt. Modern products, such as frozen goulash, are on sale in Budapest supermarkets, but Hungarian salami has vanished: Almost all of it goes to the West.

This dependence on the West could cost the East Europeans dearly if the recession curtails Western trade. Causing equal worry is the cost of oil. Under a five-year deal with Russia, the East Europeans have been getting their oil at a cheap rate—about three dollars per barrel. That deal expires this year, and the Russians want to raise the price all the way to world levels. A lot of East European products that would have been exported to the West may have to go to Moscow now to pay these oil bills.

In some ways Eastern Europe mirrors the West. Long hair, platform shoes, and the no-bra look have passed beyond protest into style, as in the West. In other ways, though, the East Europeans take a middle road between Russia and the West—and in ways so diversified that they can only reflect the very different temperaments of the countries themselves.

HUNGARY. "Russia is taking a more sophisticated policy toward Eastern Europe," a Budapest intellectual said over the sauces and spices that make his city's restaurants the best east of Geneva. "They are willing to allow a wide diversity. They may not understand what's going on here—but at least they're not stopping it. In a way, this means that Hungary's gamble has been won."

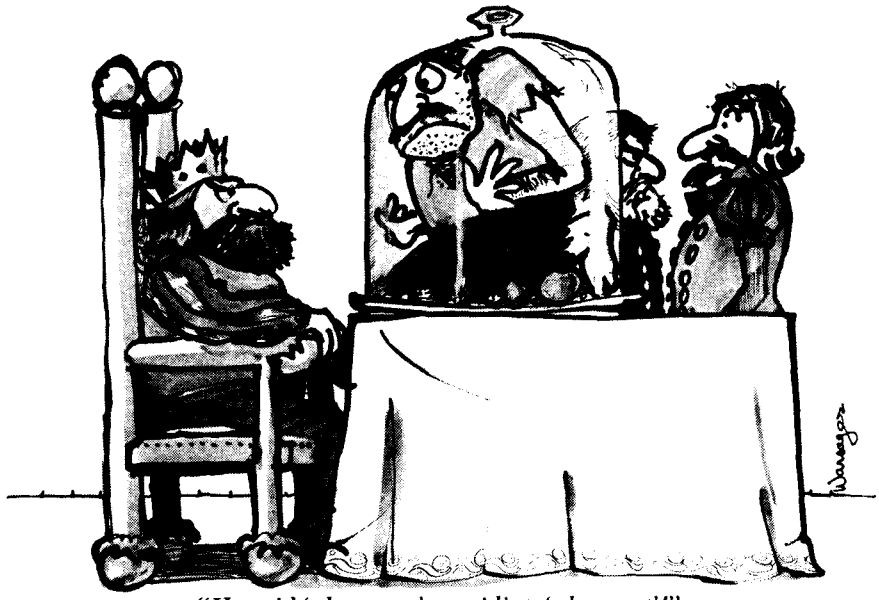
Hungary's gamble began in the early Sixties, when the once-despised János Kádár proclaimed that "he who is not against us is with us"—unprecedented tolerance in a Communist nation—and began a cautious series of reforms. The so-called New Economic Mechanism (NEM) loosened central control over much of business and industry. Social reforms made Hungary the most relaxed nation in Eastern Europe. Political cabarets twitted Kádár himself. Shops burgeoned with goods, including Western imports, while the rest of Eastern Europe —and Russia, too—still deserved the overworked adjective *drab*. Newspapers thoughtfully discussed such topics as dissidence and defections, which were taboo in the rest of the Communist press. Miles of Budapest remained in semi-slums, and transportation and services were poor. But for many Hungarians, life became both prosperous and gay again—with gypsy music in fine restaurants, stylish women in coffeehouses, a car and a vacation home on Lake Balaton, and a tourist trip to the West every three years.

For nearly a year after the Czechoslovak invasion, the reforms hung in limbo while Hungarians wondered whether the Czechs had spoiled things for more moderate reformers elsewhere. Then the reforms resumed. Leonid Brezhnev, who runs a very different regime in Moscow, came to Budapest and gave his official blessing. Hungarians breathed again, and other East Europeans got the message—reforms, yes. But threats to Communist rule, no. And noisy, boasting reforms, definitely no.

The Hungarian reforms are entering a second generation of consolidation now. The three men who symbolized the earlier reforms—Rezsö Nyers, György Aczél, and Lajos Fehér—lost their positions last year on the Communist party Secretariat, prompting Western experts to predict a new crackdown. A conservative faction within Hungary's leadership does oppose the reforms, and Kádár himself is ambivalent—he is both an old-time Communist who distrusts bourgeois comforts and a politician who believes in giving the people what they want. An unsubtle squeeze has been put on the more outspoken dissident writers. After talking with both diplomats and Hungarians, however, I doubt that a crackdown is imminent. Aczél, the cultural czar, was replaced by another liberal. Nyers and Fehér opposed higher pay for workers at the expense of managers and farmers: They lost the battle and their jobs, but the NEM remains basically intact. Neither dramatic reform nor backsliding can be expected now. Editors report that they have been told to stop allotting 60 percent of their space to Western news; henceforth they must give the bloc a 50-50 split—a subtle pressure but hardly a new Ice Age. Instead, Hungary waits now for the rest of Eastern Europe to catch up.

ROMANIA. Over the past decade Hungary has demonstrated that domestic political reform is possible, if combined with unswerving loyalty to Soviet foreign policy. During the same period Romania has shown that it could twist Russia's tail abroad, if it ran a tightly orthodox Communist shop at home. Romania was the first Soviet bloc country to welcome an American President, the first to cozy up to China. It was the first, after Russia, to recognize West Germany and is still the only one with relations with Israel. Romania's campaign of independence from Moscow has won uncommon praise in the West for President Nicolae Ceausescu but has brought little to the long-suffering Romanian people.

Ceausescu runs a one-man show. He shuffles aides periodically to break up competition, plasters Bucharest with his pictures, dominates the dull newspapers. "Each article begins and ends with a Ceausescu quote," a diplomat com-



"He said 'pheasant,' you idiot, 'pheasant'!"

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plained; "so everybody skips the first and last paragraphs." In a Romanian Orthodox church, I heard the bearded priest end his service by commanding "respect and honor" for Ceausescu and the Communist party—the price the church must pay to exist.

Romanian television and theater are heavily controlled. Unlike the Poles or the Hungarians, Romanians still speak their minds only in whispers. Travel even to other Communist nations is restricted, and trips to the West are limited to the favored few. Bucharest, a steamy city more suggestive of North Africa than of Europe, exudes a reek of poverty. Workmen sleep away hot afternoons in dusty parks. Gypsies beg on the streets. Black marketeers lurk outside hotels, bargaining for foreign currency. Fine Moorish-style houses, split into tiny flats, quietly crumble.

The economic bills for Ceausescu's policy of independence are coming due. The policy itself was based originally on economics—on Romania's rejection of Soviet plans that it remain a non-industrialized supplier of raw materials to the rest of the bloc. Romania resisted integration into Comecon, the Communist Common Market, and sought closer economic ties with the West. France, Britain, and West Germany, and later the United States, all supplied loans for sophisticated Western machinery and processes. Romania, a Balkan peasant nation, was to become a modern industrial power overnight.

The plan hasn't worked. Romanian industry remains backward, and its products are often dumped for giveaway prices. Meanwhile, nearly one-third of Romania's G.N.P. is exported to repay those loans. Exports include not only clothes and furniture but also meat and vegetables. At home, Romanians queue for soupbones, pay two months' wages for an old-fashioned television, share apartments with three or four other families. The consumer market has been denuded to pay for Ceausescu's foreign policy—a point that the West might ponder before encouraging the Romanians to further displays of independence.

POLAND. Everything happening in Poland now dates from December 1970, when workers in Baltic ports rebelled against price increases imposed, with stunning stupidity, just before Christmas. Six hundred persons died, and the regime of Wladyslaw Gomulka fell, to be replaced by that of Edward Gierek. In the four years since then, Gierek has turned Poland into the new boom country, politically and economically, of Eastern Europe. The Russians, wary of Polish passions, have given the Poles their leader. The government, openly fearful of new riots, has raised wages by 24 percent but has frozen most prices—astute politics but bad economics, generating an enormous inflationary pressure that must burst sooner or later.

A Polish newspaperman explained for me how his country is now: "Gierek has the 1970 situation under control. His relations with the Russians are correct. There's no warmth, but they respect him. He knows the limits, and in return we can run our own affairs.

"One newspaper here serialized George Kennan's memoirs. Another exchanges articles with the *Kansas City Star*. Our literary magazines publish everybody." Everybody? "Well, not quite. Not Solzhenitsyn. Not yet.

"Otherwise, things are good. People aren't afraid of anything. Workers especially are cocksure. And the students! In a school a Young Communist was haranguing the students to form youth groups. Finally, one boy said, 'Have you finished?' The Young Communist type said he had. 'Then go home,' said the student. And he did.

"We can say anything in public, and to anybody. The press, of course, doesn't criticize the Soviets—that's asking for trouble. But you hear anti-Soviet jokes everywhere. Relatives of defectors can get exit visas to visit them. There have been ideological conferences and talk about ideological correctness, but in practice it means nothing."

I told him I had heard the same thing from other Poles and something else besides—that, despite the improvements, Poles remained skeptical, wary. The man, a lifelong Communist, explained why. "We Poles—we love our country, but not our government. And this government—we've had it for 30 years, and

we've got the apple trees, maybe you're an isaac newton . . .

while Isaac Newton rubbed his head and said "why me?", he took the first step toward discovering the law of gravity.

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still we have not reached the level where we should be. So now we will wait and see. And one thing more. . . ." I was amazed to see tears on his cheeks. "In 1970 Polish soldiers shot Polish workers. I can't get over this. This is not what communism means. Gierek is not Gomulka, but he must live that down. He's begun well, but Gomulka began well, too. We will wait."

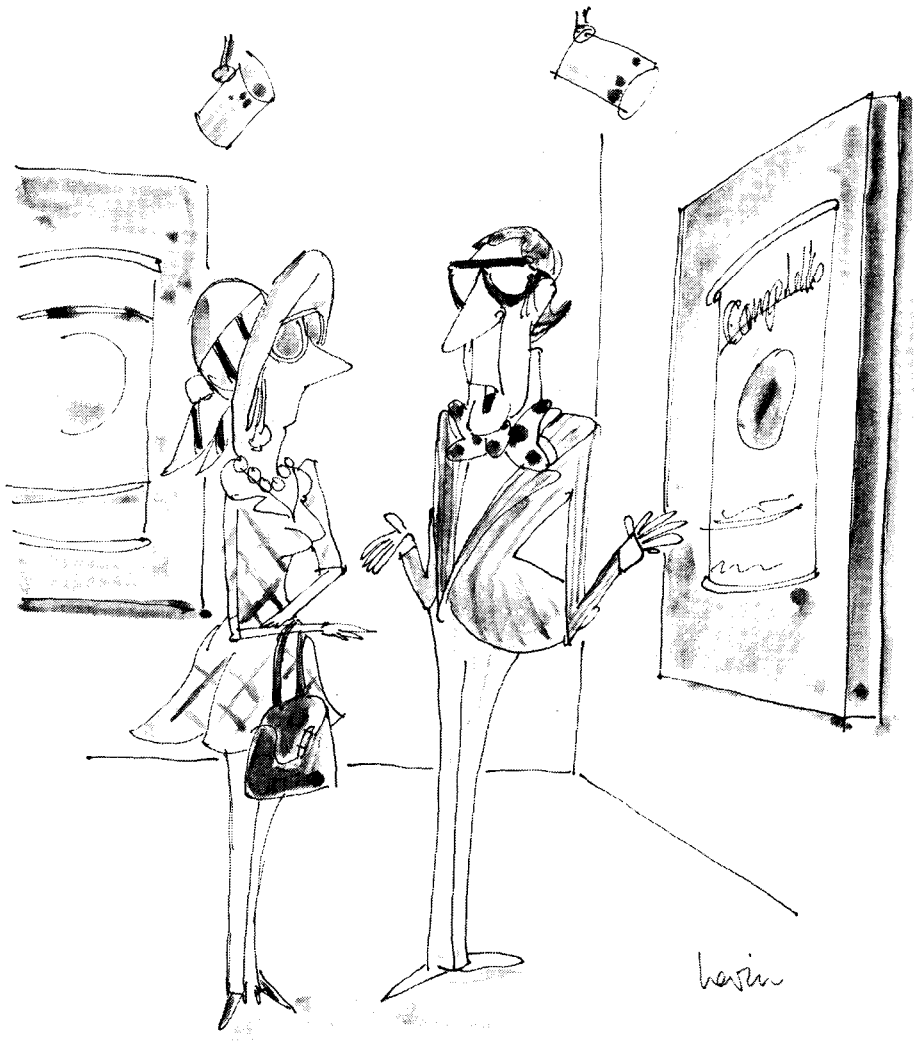
CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Prague is Europe's most schizophrenic capital. Like Budapest, it is a city of seductive beauty, faintly smelling of coal smoke and fog, of cafés and gas lamps, mysterious in the rain, purring in the sunlight when artists sit on the Charles Bridge to paint the castle above the Moldau. Gustáv Husák's regime is repairing damage to old facades caused by 25 years of neglect. A new subway is being built. After East Germany, Czechoslovakia is probably now the most prosperous nation in Eastern Europe. Butcher shops are jammed with meat—a rarity in Eastern Europe since the war. You can't tell a Czech from a Westerner these days by clothes alone. In short, Prague looks great. Housing remains a cruel problem, but new flats are being built and, with every tenth Praguer owning a car, mobility and escape are easy.

But six years after the invasion, politics is still half-repression, half-apathy. Newspapers and magazines that provided the text for the Prague Spring are gone; those that are left print the Soviet line and nothing else. Political trials have stopped, and almost all liberals who wanted to leave Czechoslovakia have already gone. A few, like playwright Pavel Kohout, remain behind by choice, issuing defiant statements that are published in the West but, by all accounts, are ignored by Czechs.

The fact is that Czechoslovakia is still traumatized by the events of 1968, its people cowed—content just to make money and stay out of trouble. Many Czechs call their government "more Catholic than the Pope," saying it could liberalize if it wished but chooses not to. "The average person only wants to work and have his beer," one Czech told me. "He doesn't care about writers' losing their jobs or whether he can go to Vienna. And the government is dedicated to satisfying this average Czech." A Western diplomat added, "The objective is to buy people off. People are happy because their bellies are full."

An official defined the government position: "After 1968 we took one definite ideological line—Marxism-Leninism. Only on this basis can we differentiate those who go with us from those who don't." Compare this explanation with Kádár's cry: "He who is not against us is with us."

And so, Czechs have retreated into their shells, concentrating on their private lives. Time and again, I heard the new Prague slogan—"don't rock the boat." "Nobody who lived through 1968 will ever forget it or regret it," said a Prague liberal. "It caused us a hell of a lot of trouble, but it was worth it. In the past, our tyrannies lasted 200 or 300 years. Things move faster now. Maybe this will last only 20 or 30 years. Meanwhile, we try not to rock the boat."



"We're all out of Campbell's soups, but we have three fabulous canvases of Hunt's Tomato Soup."

IS THIS, THEN, the new dictatorship, freshly packaged and tastier than the old model? The midnight knock on the door has vanished from Eastern Europe. The old terror is gone, replaced by a half-freedom that tolerates small heresies, that takes a man's job or passport only sparingly because he has learned not to rock that boat. Life, if not so good, is certainly not so bad, when compared with the really bad old days. There is calm and, in all but Romania, some prosperity. Is this half-loaf enough? If it suits the East Europeans, no American can complain—not after Washington's phony "rollbacks" and "bridge-building," not after the tacit recognition in 1956 and 1968 that we will never intervene in Eastern Europe, not after the U.S. decision to put détente with Russia ahead of pressure for liberalization through the European Security Conference.

So one wishes the East Europeans well, but not without a pang of knowledge that these nations, so rich in culture and history, are once again assigned to absorb an invasion, to stand as the breakwater behind which the rest of us go on our prosperous, indifferent way. □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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DDT and PCBs Show Encouraging Decline

Two recent studies suggest that residues of DDT and PCBs in the environment may be declining more rapidly than scientists expected.

For 10 years, Dr. David Johnston at the University of Florida has been measuring the DDT in migrating birds—319 in all—that have crashed into television towers on their way south for the winter. He finds that the residues in their fatty tissues are today between 20 and 25 percent of the 1964 levels. The decline began before DDT was banned in late 1972, and is more conspicuous in birds that eat insects than in those that feed on fruit. Dr. Johnston's report conforms to similar findings in Britain but is more encouraging than other studies in the United States.

The drop in concentrations of polychlorinated biphenyl compounds, as measured in the surface waters of the North Atlantic, is even more dramatic. Dr. George Harvey and a team at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute have found a fortyfold decline since curbs were put on the manufacture of PCBs in the early Seventies in both Europe and the United States. They found, in effect, that between 1972 and 1974 20,000 tons of PCBs were "lost" from the top 200 meters of ocean water. Where they went is a mystery. But the Woods Hole scientists find no evidence that the PCBs were metabolized by marine organisms and doubt that either evaporation or chemical degradation can explain their disappearance. More plausible, they think, is the contention that they sank to the bottom by absorption of solid particles in the sea.

A Substitute for DDT?

The British are excited by the discovery of a new insecticide that is up to 100 times as active as DDT and up to 30 times as active as dieldrin, but without the persistence of chlorinated hydrocarbons. Known as NRDC 143, it appears to have very low toxicity to mammals, though three more years of testing will be required before it is marketed. Its only known disadvantage is that it is highly toxic to fish.

Nevertheless, the British believe that NRDC 143 comes so close to the specifications for an ideal pesticide that they are already looking forward to sales of 20,000 tons a year and a major new source of foreign exchange. Patents for the new compound are held by the government, whose Rothamsted agricultural experimental station in Hertsfordshire developed it. NRDC 143 is the culmination of extended research to produce synthetic forms of natural insecticides (pyrethrins) found in plants, especially members of the chrysanthemum family.

To Save a Porpoise, Ban Light, Buy White (Tuna)

The slaughter of porpoises, caught in the purse seines of tuna fishermen, goes on. Conservationists are not persuaded that the tuna industry is either doing what little it can with present gear and techniques to reduce the death toll or seriously working on improved technologies.

The Sierra Club is mounting a boycott. Conservation organizations that have not joined are at least demanding better policing of the Pacific tuna industry. Others believe the issue is somewhat academic, because overfishing is so severe that tuna will not be commercially valuable much longer. But for those who want to do what they can to protect the porpoise now, it is important to know that the boycott involves only one species of tuna.

Schools of porpoise travel only with the yellowfin tuna. In the euphemism of the market place, this is "light meat tuna," though its tone may run from beige to sepia. It is the only type of tuna whose elimination from one's diet might serve a purpose (or preserve a porpoise). Albacore, sold as "white meat tuna," is generally considered superior (and, to be sure, is slightly more costly). Bluefin, skipjack, and bonita are cheaper if they can be found, though manufacturers are not inclined to put the name of the fish on their labels. All of these are caught without endangering porpoise.

Global Report

Edinburgh—The problem of how to capture the formidable power in ocean waves has resisted solution for generations. But, today, with new motivation and altered economics, what seemed impractical appears feasible. Hence the British are seriously considering an ambitious plan to harness the inexhaustible, pollution-free energy in the waves that thunder across the North Atlantic to the west coast of Scotland.

The concept, developed here at the University of Edinburgh, would use the rolling motion of the waves to turn vanes on horizontal axes (rather than the up-and-down movement of waves to drive compressors). The plan is to build 10 concrete-and-steel structures, each a kilometer in length and each containing between 20 and 40 vanes or cams. They would be anchored off the Hebrides with most of the structure submerged. Their cost and expected generating capacity (500 megawatts) would be comparable to those of a large nuclear power station. According to present plans, the energy would be piped ashore in the form of hydrogen.

Many believe that for Britain wave power will be far more efficient than solar or wind energy and ultimately meet all the country's electricity needs. One advantage is that wave power and energy demand both peak in winter.

The development phase of the project has government funding and substantial Establishment support. Nevertheless, uncertainties remain—especially whether the generator structures can withstand the force of the waves during major storms.

Brasília—The National Housing Bank, now 10 years old, has received worldwide attention. It has been responsible for the construction of more than a million homes over the past decade and is generally considered the most successful effort in the developing world to cope with urban growth, which in Brazil is above 5 percent.

Every private enterprise in this capitalist country must pay an 8 percent payroll tax into a fund for employee retirement, health insurance, and unemployment insurance. From this fund, which currently is more than $1.5 billion annually, the National Housing Bank borrows mortgage money at 5 percent interest and then lends it at rates ranging from 1 to 10 percent, depending on the family's income. The program has been a major stimulant to the economy, has made a measurable (though still

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insufficient) dent in Brazil's housing needs, and has provided other social services, such as the increased availability of good drinking water.

Despite its achievements, the National Housing Bank has been criticized for excessive paternalism and arbitrariness—characteristics of the federal government as a whole. According to Prof. Roger S. Leeds of the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, bank officials "decide who should move, where, and, in some cases, when they should move—even the type and size of home that they will purchase."

Paris—The first of a series of meetings between representatives of major industries and officials of the U.N. Environment Program will be held here this month. Long delayed by the distractions of energy and economic crises, this initial three-day seminar will bring together senior executives of the pulp and paper industry in Europe and North America with UNEP officials headed by Leon de Rosen, director of industry for UNEP. The purpose is to develop patterns of cooperation and ways of harnessing industry expertise to the objectives of UNEP. The next scheduled meetings, arranged by Charles Dennison, UNEP's industry liaison officer, will be with the aluminum industry, followed by petroleum interests.

Cali, Colombia—Nearly two years ago, a group of leading intellectuals formed the National Association for the Protection of Nature (ANADENA). In a manifesto addressed to fellow Colombians and covering every aspect of environmental concern, ANADENA asserts that deforestation for the sake of croplands and pastures is leading to ruin. The valleys that supply water and electric power, representing 56 percent of the forested land of the country, "are now semi-destroyed. . . . The hydrological cycle has been totally dislocated. . . . The Magdalena River alone deposits thousands of hectares of workable land into the ocean every year."

Jinja, Uganda—Fishing in the inland waters of Africa is still largely traditional. It is done with hooks, spears, or traps, and the fishing craft are made of papyrus, reeds, or tree trunks. The numbers of fishermen involved are very large: Half a dozen major lakes and reservoirs sustain between 10,000 and 25,000 fishermen each. The total catch is estimated at 1.4 million metric tons.

John Okedi, director of the East African Freshwater Fisheries Research organization here on Lake Victoria, believes that many African countries could more than double their output, and that a few, such as Zaire and Ethiopia, could increase landings by a factor of 15 or 20. The biggest producers, present or potential, are Zaire Tanzania, Uganda, Zambia, and Kenya

But to raise output significantly Okedi concedes, a lot more should be known about fish populations, the major environmental factors affecting their abundance and distribution, and their maximum sustainable yields. Fo lack of such information, many commercial fishing ventures in Africa have ended disastrously. Other questions are: How much modernization of gear and methods is necessary, and what will be the logistical problems caused by increased catches? It is such knowledge that Dr. Okedi's research organization is attempting to acquire.

Stockholm—Though the world is shor of protein, the sources seem to be endless. The National Swedish Environmen Protection Board is subsidizing the construction of a plant to produce 3,000 tons of protein from 8,000 tons o chicken feathers. Eventually, the plan will also process hoofs, bristles, and other animal waste from slaughterhouses and tanneries. All of these byproducts are hard to dispose of, so the gain is twofold.

The Saving Grace of Music

Even where workers are patently running the risk of irreversible hearing damage as a result of continuous exposure to excessive noise, they often show remarkable resistance to protection. Earmuffs preclude even shouted conversation. Now the British have accumulated evidence that workers are far more willing to wear muffs if music can be piped through them. Since wiring would be impractical and dangerous, Rediffusion Reditune, Europe's Muzak, has put receivers in the muffs (for one ear only) and "broadcasts" over a small plant area by induction loop. The listener can adjust the volume, but only to a maximum that does not add to the noise level the earmuffs are designed to reduce.

Waste of Used Tires

While ecologists concern themselves with biomes and ecosystems, grassroots environmentalists are likely to inquire about abandoned automobile tires—why they must litter our landscapes and why so few are recycled to some productive use. Of the 200 million tires discarded in the United States each year, fewer than 10 percent are reclaimed. Yet a report prepared for the Rubber Manufacturers Association declares that there are potential uses for all of the scrap rubber in discarded tires. Among the reasons for the slow growth of rubber recycling are:

- The high cost of collecting and transporting used tires to reclamation centers.
- The sophisticated pollution-abatement equipment needed to burn tires as a fuel (they have a Btu value equivalent to that of oil and twice that of coal).
- The absence of technology for recycling waste rubber so as to regain those properties required in new tires.
- The difficulty of separating the rubber from the fabric, bead-wire, and steel belt—a process that must take place at either very high or very low temperatures.

Apart from direct combustion, there are two principal lines of development. One is destructive distillation, whereby waste rubber is converted to oil, gas, carbon black, char, and miscellaneous petrochemicals through processes of oxygen-deficient burning. Though the methods are expensive, the materials recovered are increasingly valuable.

The other method is cryogenic treatment. Here the used tires are lowered to a temperature of –80°F, which makes them easily pulverizable. Separation of the wire and cord from the rubber is almost automatic, and the original volume of the tires is reduced by 82 percent. The rubber particles can then be used in a variety of ways, of which one appears to have potentially unlimited demand. As an asphalt for road surfacing, rubber is superior to conventional asphalts; it becomes less soft in summer and is less brittle in winter.

Prof. Norman R. Braton at the University of Wisconsin is working on the cryogenic process, using both mechanical freezing and liquid nitrogen. He is developing a portable mill that could be moved from city to city. It would fragment and separate 30 tires per minute or 40,000 per day if it worked round-the-clock. He calculates that 20 such units could process all the waste tires in the country.

(For more information, write the National Center for Resource Recovery, Inc., 1211 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.)

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Children's Corner: Some Lessons for Today

A FOG OF APES

Or, On Learning to Be Careful About
Doing Good

Ninety-nine apes with their tails on fire
—Well, two were just starting to
smoke—
Came yammering down from a tree to
inquire
If someone was playing a joke.

I don't really know why they came
to *ask* me
—I had happened to just happen by
When apes started pouring down out
of the tree
Demanding to know what and why.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Please, this
won't do!"
I cried. "Things are all in a muddle!
I suggest you sit down, and the best
seats for you
Might be there—in that rather large
puddle."
They sat in a puddle. It started to steam.
The steam spread and covered the sun.
In the dark I could hear them yell,
holler, and scream:
"Who did this?" and "What has been
done?"

I hope I won't seem too deceitful and sly
If I tell you I ran off and hid.
You'll recall I had happened to just
happen by
When whatever was happening did.

I had, I submit, done as much as I could.
I had acted the part of a friend.
And heated debate would have done
much less good
Than the puddle had done—in the end.

Yes, they would, I was certain, cool off—
in the end.
But what if their tempers stayed hot?
An ape, I am told, is an uncertain friend
When he happens to think you are not.

It really won't do to go blundering
through
A fog full of apes to protest.
You're bound to find one who starts
snarling at you
And beating his fists on his chest.

I left various lotions (and bandage
and tape)
By the puddle. And then, well—I ran.
It is well to do good, and best to escape
From the good you have done—
while you can. □

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER FOR A WHILE

It was down by the Dirty River
As the Smog was beginning to thin
Because we had been so busy
Breathing the worst of it in

That the worst remained inside us
And whatever we breathed back
Was only—sort of—grayish,
Or at least not entirely black.

It was down by the Dirty River
That flows to the Sticky Sea
I gave me heart to my Bonnie,
And she gave hers to me.

I coughed, "I love you, Bonnie,
And do you love me true?"
The tears of joy flowed from my eyes
As she sneezed back: "Yes—Achoo!"

It was high in the Garbage Mountains,
In Saint Snivens by the Scent,
I married my darling Bonnie
And we built our Oxygen Tent.

And here till the tanks are empty
We sit and watch TV
And dream of the Dirty River
On its way to the Sticky Sea.

Here till the needles quiver
Shut on the zero mark
We sit hand in hand while the TV screen
Shines like a moon in the dark.

I cough: "I love you, Bonnie.
And do you love me true?"
And tears of joy flow from our eyes
When she sneezes: "Yes—Achoo!"

Wide World

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Double-Crostic No. 68

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 U	2 H	3 K		4 V	5 S	6 D	7 G	8 K		9 W	10 V	11 O	12 E	13 Q	14 R	15 T	16 A
17 S	18 U	19 F		20 P	21 B	22 W	23 E	24 Q	25 T	26 G		27 N	28 D	29 W	30 V	31 S	32 A
33 X		34 H	35 W	36 E		37 W	38 B		39 J	40 I	41 K	42 X		43 F	44 C	45 T	46 H
47 N	48 Y	49 G	50 Q	51 P	52 R		53 Q	54 O		55 X	56 O	57 M	58 R		59 U	60 F	61 B
	62 G	63 C	64 U	65 I		66 Y	67 P	68 O	69 K	70 J	71 B	72 S		73 I	74 V	75 G	76 S
	77 G	78 N	79 W	80 U	81 B	82 J	83 M	84 H	85 Q		86 A	87 Y		88 C	89 B	90 V	
91 Y	92 O	93 T	94 H	95 P	96 E		97 B	98 W		99 U		100 I	101 T	102 P	103 A	104 U	105 C
106 O	107 R	108 F	109 N		110 Y	111 N	112 A		113 F	114 V	115 J	116 W		117 P	118 S	119 A	120 D
121 U	122 N	123 C		124 Y	125 I	126 E		127 K	128 L	129 V	130 H	131 A	132 N	133 W	134 J	135 D	136 F
	137 E	138 B	139 Y		140 J	141 D	142 C	143 M	144 V	145 L	146 F		147 I	148 S	149 A	150 U	
151 T	152 H	153 U	154 N	155 E		156 D	157 M		158 C	159 E	160 H	161 A	162 X	163 P	164 G		165 N
166 K	167 B	168 Y		169 I	170 G	171 Y		172 H	173 E	174 P	175 O	176 U	177 D	178 M	179 J	180 B	
181 I	182 P	183 F	184 R	185 Y	186 Q		187 O	188 T	189 J	190 H		191 X	192 C	193 K	194 P	195 D	
196 W	197 G	198 L	199 C	200 D	201 A	202 V	203 O	204 R	205 U	206 F		207 U	208 M		209 N	210 E	211 A
212 S	213 K	214 C	215 I		216 W		217 D	218 V	219 K		220 M	221 L	222 W	223 J			

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. ____ of Samos: late-third-century B.C. astronomer	16 32 86 103 112 119 131 149 161 201 211
B. Horseplay, ruckus	21 38 61 71 81 89 97 138 167 180
C. Disaster of April 14–15, 1912 (2 wds.)	199 44 63 88 105 123 142 158 192 214
D. "Squared circle" (2 wds.)	217 28 6 120 135 177 200 156 195 141
E. Shady	210 23 137 155 173 96 126 159 12 36
F. Hits it off with (2 wds.)	108 113 136 146 183 206 19 43 60
G. First 2 names, WORD X	62 75 164 170 197 7 26 49 77
H. "And ____ champagne and a chicken, at last" (3 wds.; Lady Montagu, "The Lover")	172 190 46 84 130 152 34 94 160 2
I. Model or first form	40 65 100 125 147 169 73 181 215
J. Excludes (2 wds.)	115 134 140 189 223 39 82 70 179
K. Passing on	219 3 41 69 166 193 213 8 127
L. Mountain peak of northeastern Thessaly, northern Greece	128 145 198 221
M. Premier of Italy, 1958–63	157 178 220 208 57 83 143

CLUES	WORDS
N. He was killed at Vaughan, Miss., April 30, 1900 (2 wds.)	27 78 122 154 109 209 111 132 165 47
O. Scotch furnace (2 wds.)	54 68 175 187 11 92 106 203 56
P. Having the power to bring forgetfulness of sorrow or trouble	95 182 20 51 102 174 67 194 117 163
Q. Sticks, rods	85 13 24 50 186 53
R. Ancient Roman personification of familial affection	184 204 14 58 107 52
S. Assemble, harvest	5 17 118 148 212 72 31 76
T. N.C. island, site of colonizing attempts by Raleigh	25 101 188 15 151 93 45
U. Ascription of human feelings to a non-human being, especially a deity	64 121 18 150 176 205 80 207 104 99 1 153 59
V. Passive consent or cooperation	30 74 114 144 10 129 218 4 202 90
W. Tending to arouse anger, hostility, etc.	22 29 98 9 35 133 222 216 37 196 79 116
X. Union general in the Civil War (1826–1905)	42 55 162 33 191
Y. Colony, especially in its early stages	87 48 139 66 185 168 91 171 110 124

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 67* appears on page 50.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Search for Self

I sometimes get the feeling that I don't know what people are talking about. Not just when they discuss chemistry or economic theory or one of the many other things I forgive myself for not knowing, but even when they talk about themselves as human beings. As a fellow human being, I think I should be able to understand at least the basics.

At a party recently, I was getting a glass of wine for my wife. When I returned, I found her talking to a beautiful young woman. As I handed Jeannie her wine, the woman, whose name is Dolores, was telling Jeannie that she had been getting rolfed regularly. I had heard of rolfing, but I wasn't entirely sure what it was; so I asked how she got rolfed. She said that about once a week a young man kneaded a different part of her body, causing a certain amount of agony and, more important, releasing enormous amounts of tension. These tensions, she explained, are all caused by different episodes in her past—sublimated memories of painful experiences that have been kept locked up in certain muscles, waiting to be rolfed out. The rolfing she had done on her left shoulder, she said, had left her sobbing uncontrollably, not from the pain, but from the childhood memory that it had released (something about an aunt, I think).

Getting rolfed has made her feel much better—much more in touch with herself. Dolores was also going to an exercise class taught by a woman who had mastered yoga and t'ai chi and, I think, kung fu, karate, and probably aikido. These exercises, said Dolores, not only raised her consciousness but also got her in touch with her body.

She was also involved with a feminist encounter group. Maybe I'm off the rack here; it might have been a feminist exercise class and a sexist encounter group. I found my attention wandering.

This business of "getting in touch with your body" is something I am a bit embarrassed about. I am embarrassed because I don't understand what it means. In the case of a rather seriously disturbed psychological case, I would understand. I would nod and say, Yes, that must be a serious problem—not being in touch with your body. But as for my own personal experience, if I have ever been out of touch with my body, my body has found a way to re-establish contact. What with a stabbing pain here, a dull ache there, and various mumblings and grumblings, my body has often been disconcertingly insistent upon keeping in touch. In fact, there are times when I think separate vacations for me and my body might be a good idea.

We found in Dolores a sort of epitome of a rather large number of people we have met in recent years. I guess Dolores had come to terms with herself. If not, she at least felt she was on her way to a peaceful solution. The trouble is that she—as well as just about everyone else we know who has concentrated on the Search for Self—was dull and humorless.

She has learned not to "play games," and she has freed herself from the hang-ups instilled by a hypocritical society. She knows how to let it all hang out and express her hostilities freely so that, presumably, she won't need more rolfing in years to come; but I think her Search for Self has had at least one unfortunate drawback. Having liberated herself from the old hang-ups, she is now in the absurd position of being self-consciously unselfconscious.

I know I am on dangerous ground here. I am reminded of Plato's concept of the cave. Maybe I am one of the hapless plebeians, trapped in the cave of my ignorance, in contrast to those philosophers who, through encounter groups, Oriental exercises, organic foods, rolfing, and letting it all hang out, have gone out of the cave to the knowledge of The Good.

In other words, don't knock it if you haven't tried it, Middleton.

Still, I suspect that all that concentration on self-knowledge and self-satisfaction must almost inevitably lead to feelings of self-importance that may be gratifying to the self-discovered Self, but can be painfully tedious to everyone else. Worst of all, those feelings of self-importance often justify the instant release of any and all impulses to be rude. That might be good for the psyche, but in social intercourse, it's a drag.

Honesty is fine, but when honesty itself becomes a new game, it's simply abrasive. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 39): sonic, scion, coins, icons.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 28* (see page 50): The history of the world is the record of a man in quest of his daily bread and butter. H. W. Van Loon

"The way things are going, I've become nostalgic about last month."

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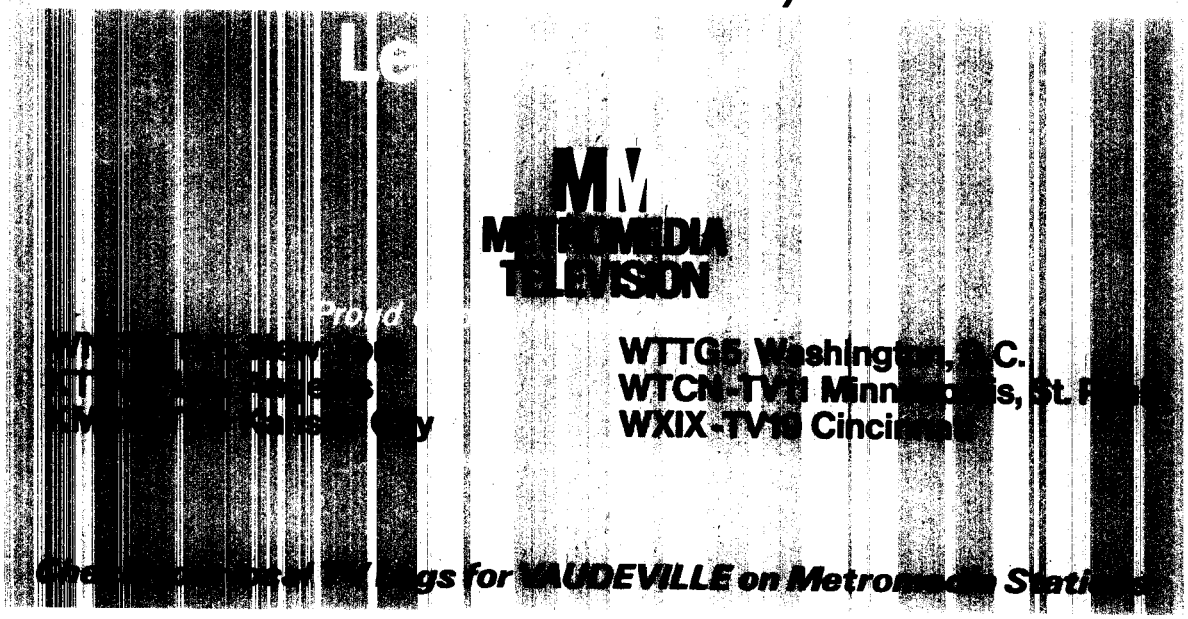

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